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Things in General.

WHAT Imperialism is doing for the United States was pretty clearly indicated by the conduct of the Congress which has just closed its session at Washington, and by the second inauguration of McKinley as President. Looking at these things with the cold and critical eyes of outsiders, we must admit that in the hundred and twenty-five years during which the Republic has been in existence, democratic sentiment has vastly changed in the direction of imperial notions, and that the republican ship of state is rapidly drifting towards rocks which may wreck it unless a new helmsman with a different chart is put in charge.

What would the Puritans of New England in 1800 think of a Congress which met on Sunday afternoon in order to get through the financial bills which would have to pass both Houses before the re-inauguration of the President? The House of Representatives and the Senate, with short adjournments, were in session all night, and the record of the Congress just closed is nearly a billion and a half of dollars in appropriations. The exact figures are \$1,400,000,000. Enormous bills were pushed through with but little consideration and not much discussion. The House of Representatives waited for each appropriation bill to be passed by the Senate, and thus conjointly these enormous sums were added to the already heavy burdens of the United States taxpayers.

The fifty-first Congress, which terminated just ten years ago, was known as the Billion Dollar Joint, but it only made appropriations totalling a little less than a billion dollars. The one which has just closed went it nearly \$500,000,000 better—or worse—as one may reckon it. Immediately on the close of this extraordinary session came the most brilliant inaugural which has been known in Washington. It took more of a military than a civil character. Hitherto great care has been taken to maintain democratic simplicity and to put the accent on the civil side of the pomp and flourishes of the day. This year the pageant was largely a military one, and the people flocked to see it with the same greed to have their eyes filled with splendor as was shown by the British people at the proclamation of King Edward VII. The regular army of the United States has been increased fourfold, and is now somewhat greater than I predicted four years ago that it would be if the money kings were given possession of the national purse. As I have already quoted what I said then, it would be tiresome to repeat it, but every word has been verified, and the trusts, the syndicates, the corporations, the bankers and speculators have been the Push throughout the four years of McKinleyism, which is about to be duplicated. The message which McKinley brought down was full of the imperialistic spirit, and stated as strongly as it has yet been stated that the responsibilities which the United States has undertaken in foreign countries and unwholesome climates were forced upon the Government by Providence and the expectant and aggressive attitude of the other nations. The suzerainty of the United States which has been declared over Cuba is in direct contravention of the Teller resolution which was passed before the Spanish-American war was begun. It declared that the people of Cuba "were of right free and independent," and the fourth clause of the resolution in question was so clear and distinct as to the position of the United States that it deserves to be quoted: "The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the islands to its people."

Now at McKinley's second inaugural we find that the United States is unwilling to abandon Cuba, and has already gone so far as to declare suzerainty over it in direct violation of the pledge of Congress which I have just quoted. Twenty million dollars was spent for the Philippine Islands, and another hundred thousand has been paid for additional Philippine islands which were somehow left out of the bargain. The natives are being put to the sword in that part of the world, and in Cuba and Porto Rico the United States is offensively domineering enough to declare what is for the good of the natives, and is at present busy forcing them to accept an ideal which is not their own.

All this Jingoism and the illusion that the people who in the United States are guilty of lynchings, burnings, robberies, swindles, and desecrations of the Sabbath, by the billion-and-a-half-dollar Congress, are the fit moral, spiritual and commercial mentors of the world, are enough to make one laugh, were the subject not so serious as to imperil the lives and well-being of millions of conquered islanders.

The remainder of the so-called civilized world will probably undertake to reduce the size of Uncle Sam's head, and I predict that before the end of this year he will be walking with a much less conspicuous swagger than at present. If the nations, as it now seems probable that they will, refuse to admit United States goods except at a maximum tariff, the enormous productive industries of the United States will be paralyzed for the lack of a market. The people may not be put to the starvation point, for they will have plenty to eat and wear of their own make, but inside of three years they will be moneyless on account of the restriction of their market. Their goods will go down to a ruinous price, production of goods made in mills, factories and foundries will almost cease, and disaster will come to the land which is now so inflated with temporary prosperity and so burdened by extraordinary taxes.

This, of course, will have its effect on Canada, which will be felt before the end of 1901. This will be the first slaughter market of the United States. In spite of our tariff, goods will be dumped in here which will ruin the average manufacturer unless the tariff be immediately raised. The present Parliament should fix a maximum which the Governor-General in Council should be able to declare operative at a moment's notice. We have had years of good times, and if we sufficiently protect ourselves will have still further years of prosperity if Providence is kind to us in the way of giving us good crops. But extraordinary occurrences demand instant Government action, and if our Government is wise it will prepare to preserve our industries, which are only now getting firmly on their feet, from the inundation of foreign goods which will very shortly threaten us and will not take long to submerge us.

THE day of the jury lawyer is passing away. Fifteen or twenty years ago a very large percentage of the cases, in county courts especially, went to a jury, while now perhaps only three or four out of ten get any further than the judge. The lawyers who were educated at that time had a great opportunity to learn the weaknesses of jurymen and the best methods of obtaining a verdict. The younger men have not had this practice, and they find their principal training is in addressing the court while making a speech to a judge. This, of course, does not assist the lawyer in winning jury verdicts, for the styles of address delivered to the judge alone and that delivered to twelve jurymen are vastly different. It is coming to pass that men who are powerful before a jury are hard to find.

The death of B. B. Osler and the passing away of others who were almost as skillful in wringing a verdict from a jury, is making it hard to find a jury counsel. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that the legal talent of Canada is degenerating, and the result will probably be that we will have more all-round lawyers who will act as their own counsel, than in the past, when they were inclined to give their briefs to those who were masterful before a jury. There are many men who not long ago were considered as belonging to the junior bar, who are now sought as counsel for their opinion's sake, and not because of their eloquence. No better name to illustrate this idea is there than that of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, who has magnificent legal talent, and yet has been so scrupulously trained in the exactness of the law that he would not be a distinguished success in appealing to a jury.

As to whether eloquence, either at the bar, in Parliament or in the pulpit, is disappearing in Canada, I should not like to venture an opinion. In Parliament, as long as we have French-Canadians we shall have eloquence. In the pulpit, however, a man's ideas count for more than the sweetness of his voice and the rotundity of his periods. As people become better educated, matter more than manner becomes attractive. Yet it is often disheartening and wearisome when bad composition, a harsh and crude delivery, destroy the effectiveness of good ideas. Debating clubs should be encouraged, and elocution, which was so popular ten years ago, should find an opportunity for its revival. I do not mean by this that where two or three are gathered together anyone should get up and read a popular piece or recite a fragment from some well-known author—for that is wearisome and is enough to make one wish that all the amateur elocutionists were dead—but the study of modulating the voice and of using rhetorical and dramatic pauses, and giving a first-class elocutionary effect

young Canadian for a buggy or a sleigh has made the fortunes of a great many carriage builders. Much as we hear about the badness of roads in Canada, they are superior to the roads in the United States and other countries which produce horses. I know it is a very sweet and gentle thing to take a girl out buggy-riding, but the young farmer who takes his pleasure this way is losing one of the charms of life, besides spending money which he should invest in stock or implements or hired help. I have lived not only in the buggy-riding countries, but in the horseback sections of the world, and I know no more delightful experience than to be astride a good, well-trained animal. Here in Canada nearly all the horseback riding is done by professional and business men who find the exercise necessary to their health. The young farmer's notion of going on an errand or of having a good time is to hitch a horse to a buggy and drive. Horses are not kept long enough on a farm to make the training they get as drivers of much commercial value. The same amount of attention devoted to training a riding horse, strengthening his back and forcing him into a good gait, would be, financially speaking, worth twice as much, if not more. In Kentucky, where everybody goes horseback, men, women and children, the horse is trained from its colt days to carry someone and to be careful of its gait. Without any doubt, Kentucky produces the best riding horses in the world. They are all trained from yearlings to take three or four different gaits and to maintain them for twelve or fifteen hours at a stretch. The single-footer is as easy to ride as it is to sit in a rocking-chair, and this is the peculiar product of Kentucky and the Southern States, where everyone makes his journeys on horseback instead of in a buggy. Canadian horses are as hard to ride as a circular saw. They stumble, and shy, and bolt, and change their gait as often as a woman changes her mind.

the curtain which separates us from the morrow. In almost every instance harm is done, for the strong people who are willing to go into the lion's mouth do not go into the room of the fortune-teller. The people who do take advantage of the advertisements of fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, palmists, etc., are so weak-minded that they are liable to be influenced by what they hear, and they are so weak in their developments that the fortune-teller has nothing upon which to go when he or she predicts failure or success. The vulgarity and folly of those who rush to know something of the future which the Almighty has been so careful to conceal, are evident on the face of it. The presumption and charlatany of the fortune-teller should be equally conspicuous to every thoughtful person. We should not be prosecuting those people under laws which forbade witchcraft, which is now esteemed to be ridiculous by everybody, but should start on the assumption of the existence of a soft streak in the human head which leads people to pay for advice with regard to the future which they should rather accept from their parents, employers, or neighbors. I would not for a moment stand without protest and see a person prosecuted as a witch, but I would assist in every possible way to have frauds exterminated who are prepared to tell fortunes without any knowledge of physiognomy, physiology, phrenology, or anything else. It may be quite true that the brain, like the hand, develops extraordinary forces in some directions, while it is weak in others. Phrenologists should be let tell this without any hindrance, but they should not presume to tell the applicant's fortune. It may be true that in the hand, lines and seams represent the conformation of the brain; it may be that the fingers are illustrative of the nerve power which makes them valuable as prehensile machinery; yet it is a presumption which no honest man would ever be guilty of to say that the palmist can tell the future as well as the past of the one who submits himself or herself for examination.

We do not need to know the future; we should all try to make it. If we knew more than we do now we would become either inflated or discouraged. If we hoped for less because we had been told that we were incapable of achieving more, we would be driven to despair. Every man, woman and child should be willing to wait for developments, excepting, of course, the developments which we ourselves can bring about. There is nothing in trying to peer into the future. The past was ours and we made out of it perhaps less than was possible. The present is ours; we can make out of that as much as our faculties permit. Of the future we need have no fear, since what we have done in the past and are doing now we can doubtless repeat. This is enough for us to know of what we are liable to be or to have.

AN advertisement has been clipped from one of the religious newspapers of unfermented grape juice for sacramental purposes. It is warranted to be perfectly free from alcohol in any form. The price, which is over the signature of one of the leading religionists of Canada, is, pints 35c, quarts 60c. This seems to me to be an effort to make the communion table a source of revenue. I am quite certain that these pints could be bought for 15c., and quarts for 25c., from any of those dealers who are not ordained and in the deal. The advertisement, which contains the prices and the methods of obtaining the unfermented grape juice, is entirely aside from the purveyors of the ordinary class of goods. If the churches desire this sort of thing they should give their order for it to an unordained manufacturer, and they would find that the price would be decreased at least two hundred per cent. It is strange that the best known religionists lend themselves to such extortion.

TWO important and bitter denunciations of the worst class of theaters, one from the pulpit and the other from the commissioners appointed to examine into fire escapes, should have sufficient force to make the continuance of the Royal Theater an impossibility. From two separate sources the worst class of theaters have been within the week violently scourged, and the strength of the denunciation would have been greater had not all theatrical people—small and great—been denounced by the clerical end of the whip. These frequent and violent diatribes from the pulpit really do little or nothing to lessen the attendance at Toronto's show-houses, but the report of City Commissioner Coatsworth, Fire Chief Thompson and Building Inspector Copping, who have completed their inspection as to the modes of exit provided in the different theaters of the city, should be much more effectual. The report is generally favorable to all the theaters except the Royal, which is described as "a filthy place" and "very dangerous in case of fire." They tell the public—and the police authorities cannot fail to see it—that the "auditorium has a seating capacity of 350, with a small stage, on which is a barrel full of water, no pails or other service. The stage is littered with old boxes, chairs, broken scenery, etc. Gallery, seating capacity 400. Exits, one narrow stairway to street; a second small stairway nailed up, one front door on the west blocked up with ticket offices; windows are nailed up with boards."

A very damnable description indeed, yet the building thus described is practically owned by the Toronto Police Force, and when I had the records searched it stood in the name of the Chief of Police, having been turned over to him as trustee for the Police Benefit Fund on a foreclosure of mortgage. In order to obtain some sort of interest on the money which had been loaned and had become an investment, the Police Commissioners, Chief of Police and the policemen themselves have permitted this fire-trap to obtain a license as a place of amusement. Worse still, the most objectionable shows which have been seen in Toronto for many years have been given at this same Royal Theater. It has been denounced from the pulpit and violently attacked by the press, particularly by this paper, which is in a building next door what is described as a fire-trap by the commissioners. The theater is frequented by young boys and people of immature years and undeveloped intellects, who are allowed to smoke during the performance, thereby adding greatly to the danger of fire. The insurance on many valuable buildings adjacent to the Royal Theater, which was once known as the Temperance Hall, has been increased, and the owners have been threatened with further increases. Yet this "filthy place," this spot frequented by boys and lads who are allowed to smoke cigarettes and debauch their bodies as well as debauch their minds, is not only under the surveillance of the police, but is their property. There are indeed few cities or towns in America that would permit the guardians of the peace and public safety of the citizens to have a financial interest in such a dive. I have repeatedly called attention to it, not because I have become one of those who join every society which is intended to repress something, but because the alley and the streets which both this institution and the occupants of the Sheppard Publishing Company's building have to use, are made unbearable by the stench which



McKINLEY'S INAUGURATION.

As viewed by New York "Life."

to what one says, should never be dropped out of the curriculum of studies.

Next to the general appearance of an applicant for a position, the low, carefully trained voice is most important. In the personal application it is even of more importance than the well-written and carefully-spelled letter which often has to do the work indirectly. It is perhaps in the pulpit that the thorough training in elocution is most useful, yet I am sorry to say that a great many young preachers are turned out with nothing but a knowledge of theology, a desire to be sensational, and an utter inability to fill the musical part of the church's programme, though many thousands of dollars are spent on the choir.

A WELL-EDITED Ottawa paper, speaking of the proposed position of Mr. Logan, M.P., that "steamship lines carrying British goods will have to discharge cargo at a Canadian ocean port, or the goods will be regarded as foreign and compelled to pay the full rate of tariff" (an excess of 33 1/3 per cent.), says: "This is a splendid idea, and will go a long way toward defeating the very unpatriotic attempt of the G.T.R. to ruin our Canadian shipping trade." It forgets to say that the C.P.R. is trying to do the same thing by making Boston its winter port, and it also forgets to mention the fact that this "splendid idea" appeared first in "Saturday Night," and was brought to the attention of the Government by the editor of this paper.

HONORABLE WILLIAM MULOCK, Postmaster-General of this Dominion, is to represent Canada at the inaugural of the Confederation of the Australian provinces. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems unable to get away, or is averse to the journey, no better man could be sent than the member for North York, who as Minister has had so much to do with the reduction of inter-colonial postage, and is shortly to be a very prominent figure in the laying and management of a cable which will connect the British colonies. He can make a good speech, though of course not of the same character as our French-Canadian Premier, is dignified and striking in appearance, and is possessed of much commercial sense. As the Premier could not go, a wiser choice could not have been made; and even if the Premier went, the Postmaster-General's trip would also have been insisted upon as necessary to our commercial interests.

MAJOR DENT, who was in Canada buying horses for the British army, and who is considering the establishment of remount stations here, some weeks ago wrote to a friend in Ottawa and his letter was published by the press quite widely. I clipped it out, intending to write about it at the time, but the newspaper cutting got hidden, as such a thing often does, and has just come back to me. The chief suggestion that Major Dent makes is this: "I wish to urge on Canadian farmers and young men in Canada to take to riding instead of always driving. They would add greatly to their health and happiness by so doing, and enhance the value of their horses fifty per cent. It is difficult to find in the country districts a horse that has ever had a man on its back." The fondness of the

If you ride them long their backs get either sore or weak, or both, and now that horse-cars have gone out of fashion and the most that we can hope for is to raise cavalry horses, every young farmer should start in to ride and to break every colt to feel more at home and self-possessed with a man on its back than when it is running free or being driven in a buggy.

The connection between the rider and the horse is so intimate and magnetic that both horse and rider soon learn to enjoy the experience. If a man rides a tired horse for an hour he becomes utterly weary himself. If he gets on a spirited animal that feels good and is anxious for a run, the rider feels exhilarated and the comradeship between the horse and the man will never be forgotten by either. In the old days when I lived on the plains I broke some three hundred horses to ride, and there was never a man who mounted any of the horses I broke that had the influence with them that I had when they yielded themselves to my will. A horse's memory is a very long one, and as none of them ever threw me they all remembered the fact that they had been subjugated, and never tried it on me after the first time or two. The majority of them tried it on the second rider, and when they succeeded they became useless to him and had to be passed on to somebody they could not throw. Major Dent is quite right when he urges the young farmers to master the riding of every colt, for in the first two or three lessons the horse learns either that he is master or that he has been mastered, and no amount of training will ever remove the impression that the animal first receives. After a horse has successfully run away once, he is liable to run away again, and in training riding horses there should be no doubt as to whether the man or the beast is bossing the job. There is money and pleasure in training riding horses.

JUDGE McDougall is generally esteemed as a level-headed occupant of the Bench who is never carried away by prejudice nor becomes virulent in his prosecutions. In his address to the Grand Jury he characterized fortune-tellers of all sorts as "cheap and vulgar." The laws governing such cases he characterized as having lasted over from the time when fortune-telling for gain was a crime, but which have to be enforced in a different spirit.

It is hard to tell whether there are any people better endowed than others with a knowledge of the future. It seems to me that the class of adventurers who are willing to tell us what will happen, do not show in their own financial status that they even knew what the future was liable to bring forth. The men who have been successful in business make no pretense of having any more knowledge of the future than they can gain from their knowledge of the past. Successful men are not so presumptuous as to say that they are able to tell others how to succeed, for success is a matter of industry, alertness, and a watchfulness of public events.

The public, considered as an unorganized mass, are individually anxious to know something about the future. They will pay money to charlatans who pretend to raise

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originates in the Royal Theater, and on account of the conduct of those who frequent this objectionable resort and make the neighborhood, otherwise respectable, one which is generally avoided by cleanly and respectable people.

Now that city officials have reported on the filthy state in which the house is kept, and have declared it to be a dangerous place, having a possible fire only in view, it is to be hoped that the police will refuse any further license to a lessee who could not possibly succeed if he presented decent plays, but must depend entirely upon reckless youths who care neither for their morals nor for the danger they run in case of fire. If the license is not refused and the house closed at once, everyone will now understand that to receive police protection nothing need be too bad as long as the Police Board is officially taken into partnership as to the profits.

ORIGINALLY Toronto is one of the easiest towns to work for a revival, a temperance meeting, a patriotic fund, a memorial, a petition, or any old thing which will occupy the attention of male and female spinster for a short spell—and not involve much expense. A week ago an outfit engaged in getting up a Victoria memorial for Toronto had a meeting in the Pavilion, and, as the "Telegram" remarks, it was evidently "the handiwork of pro-psective orators." Some gentlemen who attended had no time to gain by becoming a section of stray earth in the public eye, but the majority were in it, not because they were super-loyal, but because they were super-anxious to be seen. As the "Telegram" remarks, "The platform was full. The hall was empty. . . . A chairman, with eager orators grouped around him, adorned the platform, but the wild mob's million feet did not exactly wear out the floor of the audience room."

Before the outbreak of the patriotic fever when the first contingent was called for, "Saturday Night" was the leading paper in Toronto in its endeavor to excite the public to a proper realization of its duty to the Empire. When, however, the populace were carried off their feet and lost their heads, I urged that everybody should be temperate in advocating war measures and in their efforts to show loyalty to the Throne. Nobody dared to insinuate that I was pro-Boer, because that would have been too preposterous; but silently and solemnly the various committees dropped me off their programme. Without increasing or abating my efforts to keep the patriotic movement within bounds, I have now got back to the point where I am more loyal and patriotic than the multitude. It is thus that popular opinion ebbs and flows. The man or newspaper who stands fast is sure to have the tide turn in his favor if he is only consistent and patient. Only one other thing needs to be said, and it is a sentiment which I have urged from the beginning, and that is that whatever we do for the Empire's sake should be done as a people through our rulers, and every Canadian should be assessed alike. The marvellous statement I published last week with regard to the Hull and Ottawa sufferers should be enough to prove that in a moment of frenzy we are apt to go mad in our benevolence, and in a time of apathy cannot be stirred to do anything.

THE debate in the House of Commons over the coronation oath, in which the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of India was forced to affirm disagreeable things about the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, did not assume the bitter and sectarian phase which was expected. Practically the Dominion Parliament petitions for a milder statement of the same facts, but has not asked for any change of the statement of facts themselves. Both parties found it very convenient to unite upon something which will please the Roman Catholics of Canada and will not be found intolerable by the Imperial Parliament. The Conservatives argue that nothing should be given without a quid pro quo. It has been the idea of modern diplomats, both in religion and politics, to grant nothing without a sufficient recompense. The world remembers, and has reason to remember, the original fight between the Protestants and Catholics. Always when a settlement is arrived at, the Roman Catholics gain the advantage, because they obtain something and give nothing. The Church itself is hard and fast, and the cloistered politicians of the Roman Catholics somehow find an opportunity to obtain an advantage and give none. In the coronation oath the Dominion Parliament, both sides agreeing, give the Roman Catholics something which is theirs for all time, and obtain nothing in return. It is a rather amusing spectacle when a Parliament which is divided on the differences between Canada and Great Britain makes the tariff which has been reduced 33 1/3 per cent. in favor of the loans from which we sprang, a subject of debate, while the oath that the King takes is protested against, though the oath that all Catholics take when they go into office is not examined into. This is not reciprocity. If we are to have a fair deal all round, let it be fair, but by no means should the Roman Catholics be given an apparent advantage. Liberalism in its widest sense means that nothing offensive shall be said, done or enacted by those who have power. It appears to me that the minority, and a discredited minority at that, are obtaining the advantage while they give nothing in return. We may think that we are a perfectly organized country, but we should ask something in return for what we give. It is quite true that while King Edward VII. has many Catholic subjects, the Roman Catholic Church has a vast number of Protestant supporters. By supporters I mean those who subscribe for the building of churches and the maintenance of priests and hospitals. The Protestant subscribers to Roman Catholic funds have a right, which henceforth shall be insisted upon, of demanding that the oaths taken by the hierarchy shall be more liberal. They cannot organize themselves as the Roman Catholics have in Parliament, but privately, and with a certainty that they shall have influence they must demand that the priesthood, small and great, shall take a different vow from that which at present they submit themselves to. It is quite impossible for an agitation of this sort to be entirely one-sided. The Roman Catholics demand, with a fair show of justice, that the Sovereign shall not hereafter take the same vow. The Protestants have a very good right to enquire into the vows which the hierarchy take. It is in this way that civilization makes its best efforts to be esteemed a worthy thing.

A QUESTION has been asked, whom a newspaper represents. This can be answered very promptly by describing whom it does not represent. It does not represent the man who takes it, to any greater extent than that the fact of his subscribing to it indicates that it is fashioned after his views. It does not represent the man who advertises in it, because the shrewd advertiser will appeal to any section of the community which possesses money. It does not represent those who write for it, except they sign their articles, for writers are willing to lose their identity and sell their services to causes which have been abandoned by the majority of respectable or non-respectable people. A newspaper simply represents the man who controls it. A bad man cannot make a good newspaper, nor can a timid man make a bold one. A venal man cannot make an honest newspaper, nor can a corporation which desires to filch from the public permit a newspaper under its control to advocate anything which conflicts with its selfish interests. If you find out who controls a newspaper you may safely reckon that the news, the markets and the editorials are all written for the public so far as the corporation is not concerned—where it is concerned, you may be equally sure that everything is colored to suit the paymaster.

A query has also come in as to which is the most influential newspaper. The influential newspapers of Canada are not generally published in great cities, because there



Never engage a short-sighted man with a long nose as a private secretary.

they feel the temptation to yield to large personal, social and monetary influences. The influential newspapers of the Dominion are published in rural communities and small towns or cities. The rural newspaper—unless it is owned by a corporation or makes its living out of one, or is edited by a man who is fiercely ambitious for Parliamentary honors, or owned by a man who is already in Parliament—has nothing to advocate and nothing to conceal which is opposed to the public interest. When the city newspaper advocates a certain thing, one at once wonders who is behind it. When it apologizes for anything that has been done, the reader can very well sit down with the stub of a pencil and reckon out whether the editor is getting his pay from a government, a corporation, an individual, or the people. "Saturday Night," I am proud to say, represents no special interest, not even a social class. It is free to speak its mind, and its only effort has been to speak up in meeting so seldom as not to be considered a crank. The "crank" newspaper is unimportant everywhere, and the venal newspaper, whose editorials are always the echoes of its advertisements, has no right to be considered even for a moment. That "Saturday Night" has been neither of these has made it probably the most influential paper in the Dominion, and it has probably ten times as many paid subscribers amongst other newspapers as any other weekly in the bunch.



Social and Personal.

N Monday afternoon Colonel and Mrs. Graves gave a farewell tea to a number of their Toronto friends at their residence, 185 Crescent road, Rosedale. Mrs. Graves received in the drawing-room, which is one of the most interesting reception-rooms in the city, tapestried and curtained with Indian and other Oriental work in many curious designs. This fact gave a special interest to the tea, and many admiring comments were made upon the rare and beautiful things which enrich the home of Colonel Graves, and which will soon be scattered, as their owners are breaking up house immediately. Colonel Graves returns to India sooner than was expected—about the twentieth, I am told. Among the friends who came to enjoy a last bright hour with the delightful couple who are so soon to leave us, were Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower, Miss Macklem, Miss Tully, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan of Bromley House, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Coady, Miss Ravenshaw, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. Frank Arnaldi, Miss Arnaldi, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Riddell, Mrs. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Miss Milligan, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Captain Law, Miss Helen Law, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Lister, Miss Carrie Fuller and Miss Cherif Sheldrach, the charming young niece of the hostess, who has been visiting her for some months, presided over a dainty tea-table centered by an exquisite panel of green satin embroidered in oriental style in silver and fringed with silver. Carnations in pink and white were the flowers brightening the pretty table. Many kind wishes to Colonel Graves, and hopes that his military duties would not detain him too long in the far land of India, were expressed, as it is quite possible the family may eventually settle permanently here.

Miss Ravenshaw has received very gratifying news of her soldier brother from South Africa, where he is with his regiment, the First Devons, at Lydenburg. Captain Ravenshaw has been four times mentioned by the Commander-in-Chief for distinguished service, and will probably follow the footsteps of his late father, General Ravenshaw, as a valiant and successful soldier. He was adjutant to General White during those trying weeks at Ladysmith.

Invitations are out for the annual At Home of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, which will take place at the college next Friday evening, from 8 to 11:30 o'clock. These reunions are always marked by an atmosphere of bright and genial happiness, each member of the staff and college roll striving to do her utmost to ensure a pleasant evening to the guests. The example set in this respect by Mrs. McIntyre is too well known to need mention.

Mr. Harry Patterson gave a couple of most enjoyable luncheons this week, on Thursday and yesterday, in honor of Mrs. Farrell and Mrs. Richards of Winnipeg.

Mrs. McWhinney gave a tea yesterday in honor of a Scotch friend who is visiting her, and as a farewell to her pretty sister, Miss Bessie Thomson, whose marriage to Mr. Frank Polson takes place next Wednesday week.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and Miss Cawthra are going to England next month. I hear they sail on the second. The Postmaster-General and Mr. Cawthra Mulock sail to-day from New York en route, via England, and P. and O. steamer, to Melbourne.

Mrs. Eardley Wilmot, of Hamilton, has been in town for a short visit this week, and stopped at the Queen's. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Henry Osborne, who is just now "en garcon" at Clover Hill, gave a smart little dinner in honor of Mrs. Wilmot.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Saturday morning in St. Luke's church, when Miss Lucy Rae, eldest daughter of Mr. George Martin Rae, was married to Mr. George Foster Hanning, C.E., son of Mr. Clement Hanning. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Langtry. After a short wedding tour, spent in the West, Mr. and Mrs. Hanning will take up their residence in Toronto.

According to present announcements, this autumn will be made memorable in Canada by the visit of the heir-

apparent of King Edward of England and his wife to the Dominion. They are to make indeed a flying visit, going from east to west and back again in very short order. We shall see them in Toronto, and though I believe a grand ball is not "de rigueur," there's nothing the matter with having a great military turnout—and if the Duke of Cornwall is allowed to confer knighthood upon the mayors of prominent cities, there will perhaps be a second title in a well-known family hereabouts.

Mrs. George Carruthers came to town the latter part of last week, and with Mr. Carruthers left for Winnipeg on Monday. Mr. James Carruthers has returned from California. News from the ex-Postmaster and his family in Scotland speaks of the likelihood of their speedy return to Canada, having decided that for them there's "no place like home." This will be welcome news to their friends here, who feared the fine times the travellers have been having in the Old Land would tempt them to reside there for good. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers are well, also their daughters; Miss Mina is visiting friends in Bolton.

Hon. Senator Melvin-Jones and Mrs. Melvin-Jones were hosts of a very pretty dinner party on Monday evening. Covers were laid for twenty-two. The decoration of the Lawrence festive board is always a charming treat to the feasters, and on Monday a dainty motif of white, silver and mauve was carried out in tulle and satin, with some bright daffodils to whisper of the spring, so tardily coming.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Lehmann gave a very small informal tea for about dozen lady friends, which was very much enjoyed, as these cosy little affairs nearly always are. A visitor in Toronto was the guest in whose honor the ladies were bidden.

Mr. Jack Falconbridge has been suffering from grippe, and went, I hear, to the Welland at St. Catharines to complete his cure by a course of the excellent baths. Mrs. W. Claude Fox, who has been stopping at the Welland, returned to Toronto to bid "bon voyage" to Mr. Fox, who has gone for some weeks to British Columbia.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell has been laid up with a severe cold. I was sorry to see Miss Turner, of St. Joseph street, with her left arm in a sling, and to hear that she had unfortunately fractured it a few days ago. Mrs. Sutherland Stayner and her sister, Miss Elliot, have gone to Danville for Mrs. Stayner's benefit. Mrs. Reynolds, of Madison avenue, gave a progressive on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Young gives a tea in the mess-room at Stanley Barracks this afternoon. Invitations have been quite informal, no cards having been sent out. Those who are invited will have the pleasure of seeing one more "only son" safely restored to his family circle after service in South Africa, where Mr. Douglas Young was true to his name in every particular, being about the "youngest" of those who so gallantly went to the war.

Mrs. John Carlon has received many kind words of sympathy since the sad death of her father last week, which occurred in Peterborough—Mr. Cluxton's home.

Major Pellatt left this week upon his trip to rejoin Mrs. Platt in Colorado. Mrs. E. W. Schuch is enjoying a delightful visit in New York, the guest of Mrs. Courteau Brown. Mrs. Street, of Sullivan street, is at the Welland, St. Catharines. Mrs. Angus Kirkland returned from Oregon on Wednesday, bringing with her Mrs. Kirkland, sr., for a visit.

The Villiers lecture this evening is sure to be a great treat. Mr. Villiers is the brightest, most experienced and most attractive lecturer on the war who has yet visited Toronto, probably, indeed, the most able to give a just and graphic picture of its lights and shadows, in the world. He is a wise and able war correspondent, of great and varied experience in wars in divers countries, and personally is a charming companion. Many will recall what a treat his last lecture in Toronto afforded them, and be only too anxious to enjoy another. On the platform will be a great array of military and other prominent men. His Worship the Mayor, justices and others, and Dr. Parkin in the chair, the Mayor, justices and others, and Dr. Parkin in the chair,

Mr. William Scott, of Galt, has joined the Toronto staff of the Imperial Bank.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Moss, son of Mr. Justice Moss, and Miss Brittain, of Kingston, will take place on the 6th of April (Easter Tuesday) at Kingston. The marriage of Mr. Carrington Smith and Miss Dawson, daughter of the late Lieut-Colonel George Dawson, R.G., will take place on Easter Monday, April 8th. Everyone is wishing much happiness to Miss Dawson, who is a very popular Torontonian. The marriage of Miss Bessie Thomson and Mr. Franklin Polson will be a very quiet one, as the bridegroom-elect has recently suffered a near family bereavement.

Miss Stanway, of Isabella street, entertained the East End Euchre Club on Thursday evening. The formation of several card clubs this season has been a happy thought in view of the cessation of other gaieties before and during Lent.

Rev. Ernest J. Wood, of St. Simon's church, has received a "call" from Calvary Church, Sandusky, Ohio. Mr. Wood and his amiable wife (nee Hooper) will be much missed should the call be accepted.

Mrs. Cosby, of Maplehyne, had this week the joy of welcoming her second soldier back from South Africa, when Lieut. Norman Cosby arrived home. Lieut. Cosby was with the artillery, and has since been one of the fortunate ones to obtain a commission in the Middlesex Regiment, which he will join in India as soon as his sick leave expires.

Another returned soldier, who has lost a little weight, but none of his former bright wit, is Mr. Bob Sweeny, who came home quite recently, and was also with the artillery in South Africa. Mr. Sweeny is very welcome home to his old friends and club, and does not feel any marked desire to return to khaki and South Africa.

One would like to say something very persuasive to readers regarding the Nursing-at-Home benefit concert, which takes place next Saturday afternoon, in the form of a "matinee musical" under the direction of Mrs. Le Grand Reed. Mrs. Covert has offered her fine house on the corner of Bloor and Spadina road for this affair, and the money raised is, I am told, to be expended in improving the sanitation and comfort of the nurses' quarters in Hayter street. This should appeal to everyone, and no doubt the directress of the concert, who is so very popular and lovely a young matron, will find it does so.

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris." "You're partly right, doctor," sheepishly answered the young man, "only that isn't her name"—Chicago "Tribune."

I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiao-Chou, Manchuria, South Africa, and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of 'boddle,' and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap and towel, but hide the looking-glass."—Mark Twain's Greeting to the Red Cross Society.

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47 KING STREET WEST

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Gillies of St. George street gave a very pleasant euchre on Tuesday evening. Colonel Lessard entertained at dinner at Stanley Barracks on Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins have arranged a dinner at Cloynewood for the evening of March 18. The Misses Tupper of Winnipeg are visiting Mrs. Bain.

Congratulations which were gaily tendered to Mr. Bert Reid on his suspended engagement were slightly out of place, as the report was entirely unauthorized and without foundation, and the announcement a genuine surprise to the young man mentioned.

The Postmaster-General sails for Australia next week as the representative of Canada at the grand opening ceremonies in connection with the sitting of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. Mr. Cawthra Mulock is to accompany his father to the Antipodes. The Postmaster-General will enjoy a look at this far part of the "greater Empire than has been," and will be a representative of whom his country may justly be very proud. "Bon voyage" from "Saturday Night" to father and son!

Mrs. George Wilkes, who is visiting Mrs. A. S. Hardy, a former fellow-citizen in the pretty city on the Grand River, has been the guest of honor at several enjoyable affairs during the past week. Her hostess gave a charming luncheon on Wednesday, and Mrs. Fiskin of Madison avenue gave a pleasant informal tea on Tuesday for this welcome visitor.

The Misses Aura and Annie Bain give an evening progressive next Thursday at their home in Wellesley street.

Miss Birdie Warren and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House have been hostesses of two charming teas for young friends during the week.

The Misses Lampert gave an enjoyable evening on Wednesday in honor of Miss Mills of Guelph, who is visiting them.

Miss Denison, who since her mother's death has been with her sister, Mrs. Delamere, of Cecil street, has gone to London on a visit of some duration with Major and Mrs. Septimus Denison.

The Euchre Club met at Mrs. Maulé's residence in Avenue road on Monday evening. The lucky prize-winners were Miss Jeanie Wallbridge and Mr. Walter Denison. Miss Gyp Armstrong and Mr. Hugo Ross were the winners at the other end of the score. Mrs. James Bain won the lone-hand prize.

Mr. Frederick G. Ramsden, Bank of Toronto, who has been for some years a resident of Toronto, left on promotion for Montreal on Thursday. Mr. Ramsden leaves a regretful circle of friends hereabouts.

The Card and Dancing Club met at Mrs. Hellwell's last night and had a very pleasant evening. A charming dance, of which Miss Strange of North street was hostess, was one of the Thursday evening engagements which occupied the time of a smart coterie.

The studio tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Wyly Grier last week was most successful, and a large number of Toronto's very nice men and women assembled to see the artist's last large picture, a splendid painting of Judge Falconbridge, in which the artist has certainly perpetuated a most characteristic pose and lifelike expression as all the intimates of the subject immediately remarked. The picture is now among those which lend so much interest to the beautiful precincts of Osgoode Hall, where the public can view and admire it to their hearts' content. Other fine pictures were in the studio, that of the father of the artist being much praised by those "in the know." Mrs. Wyly Grier, always so sweet and kind a hostess, received in a very artistic and interesting room, where I noticed some exceedingly good bronzes, the panel of a young girl and the boy's head were most admirable. The author of these fine pieces is a Toronto man, whose name has escaped me, but who should soon be too well known for possible defective memories to lose him. Mr. Frank Darling, who is as appreciative as discriminating, thinks the bronzes quite remarkably clever. In the larger room were music and a cosy little buffet, where tea and ices were served very nicely. Mrs. Hamilton, lately of Winnipeg, but now settled at 121 Madison avenue, played some good things, through which the tea drinkers talked blithely. Mrs. Stewart Houston sang very well indeed. I have never heard her voice more delightful, and her little songs were just the thing for the artistic atmosphere. Mr. Wyly Grier also sang and was smartly applauded. Among the many a few guests I noticed were Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. and little Miss Winifred Tat of Montreal, the Misses Sullivan, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Plumbe, Mr. Eustace Smith, the Misses Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Athol Boulton, Mrs. Hodges, Miss Hodges, Mr. Percy Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Mackenzie, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Miss Yarker.

Mr. Atwell Fleming, secretary of the recently formed Master Printers' and Bookbinders' Association, was charmingly and appropriately honored at their very enjoyable dinner on Friday night, the 1st inst. His associates presented Mr. Fleming with an illuminated address and a cabinet of silver for his table. The presentation was a surprise to the recipient, but he acquitted himself with little adroitness and aplomb. Rev. Dr. Briggs presided, and nearly all the leading publishers and heads of allied industries in Toronto were present.

Monsieur E. Masson, 23 St. Joseph street, is forming classes in French to read L'Aiglon, the new play of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

If any man is worth doing, he is worth doing well.

tifying to all the friends of the institution.

Last evening Professor James Mayor of Toronto University gave a lecture at St. Margaret's College on the Paris Exposition of 1900. As Mr. Mayor spent a long time studying the Exposition last summer vacation, his lecture was most interesting and instructive.

The O.S.A. held their press view of this year's exhibition on Friday and their formal opening on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. The evening function was not held this year, but a number of art lovers and artist lovers attended the exhibition on both days.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie has retired from the Board of Trade, after an eminently faithful and generous membership of some seventeen years. A resolution of regret was passed at the meeting, and on Monday presented to the retiring member, who has held office as vice-president and president of this important body.

This afternoon at three o'clock Mr. John Andrew Paterson, M.A., lectures in the Lansdowne Kindergarten, and Mrs. Scrimger-Massie will sing.

Death, ever busy, has visited several well-known families this week. In Parkdale Mr. and Mrs. William P. Atkinson have mourned the loss of a bright young second son, Garnet Fryor, just come of age, and a young man of much promise. Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick have been bereaved of their sweet little Patricia, a babe of a little over a year, whose short life has lately been one of suffering. Away in the south of England one of Toronto's dear mothers, Mrs. Merritt, was called away. Her son—fighting for the King in South Africa—and her two daughters, doing all that skill and affection could to brighten the mother's last hours, have many loving and sorrowful thoughts in the minds of Toronto friends.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham of Maplecroft and Miss Peggy Gooderham have gone to St. Catharines, and are enjoying the mineral baths and comfort of the Welland House. Miss Lulu Gooderham will join her mother at the end of the week, I am informed.

Dr. Howard Barrie, who returned recently from South Africa, where he represented the Y.M.C.A. with the first contingent, is shortly to be married and proceed to China as representative of the International Committee at Shanghai. His bride-elect is Miss Macdonald of Oaklands, daughter of the late Senator Macdonald, whose helpful aid will be invaluable to the able representative in all good work. Miss Macdonald will be much missed hereabouts.

A lady well known in society writes, naming the memorial to the Queen, suggesting that "a sum of money be set aside in care of a trust company, and the interest be voted, by the people, to whatever object they wish, on the 24th of May each year, as a constant remembrance, to be called 'The Queen Victoria Memorial Fund.' In this way different things would benefit by it, and a constant stream of blessing be showered down on worthy objects. Part of the fund might be given by the city and part by voluntary contributions." A delightful vision of wire-pulling over a plebiscite each year opens up.

Mr. C. Taylor Pearce and Miss Emily May Astley of Los Angeles, California, were married on Thursday in Owen Sound. On Tuesday afternoon the staff of the Traders' Bank met in the board room, and Mr. J. A. M. Alley, on their behalf, presented Mr. Pearce with a silver kettle and lamp. Both the presentation speech and reply breathed the most hearty good-will which happily exists between the members of the staff.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Eckhardt are registered at Hotel Chamberlin, Old Point Comfort, Va.

Mrs. Edgar A. Wills will receive at her residence, "Surrey Lodge," Macpherson avenue, on Thursday, the 14th inst., from 4 to 7 p.m.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Orr of Winnipeg to town last week was made the occasion of a number of happy affairs given in their honor, one of which was the dinner arranged by Mr. and Mrs. William Orr. Covers were laid for thirty, the invited guests being Mr. Orr's brothers and their wives, his sister, Mrs. McAnch, also his nieces and nephews in town. Mrs. Orr, er, a quaint and interesting lady, whom everyone delights to know, was also able to be present, and took much delight in being thus surrounded by her children and grandchildren. The affair was altogether a very happy family one.

Mr. Atwell Fleming, secretary of the recently formed Master Printers' and Bookbinders' Association, was charmingly and appropriately honored at their very enjoyable dinner on Friday night, the 1st inst. His associates presented Mr. Fleming with an illuminated address and a cabinet of silver for his table. The presentation was a surprise to the recipient, but he acquitted himself with little adroitness and aplomb. Rev. Dr. Briggs presided, and nearly all the leading publishers and heads of allied industries in Toronto were present.

Miss Gertrude Sheppard of 16 Hazelton avenue gave a very smart tea last Thursday. The table was done in pink and white, and the cozy drawing-room was decorated with American Beauty roses. Misses Powell, Austin and Shepard served very dainty refreshments. Among those who were present were Misses Skinner, Dignam, Austin, Clarke and many others.

On next Wednesday afternoon Mrs. A. S. Vogt gives an afternoon tea at her residence, 331 Bloor street west.

The president, officers and members of St. Andrew's College Literary Society will be at Home on Thursday evening, March 21, at eight o'clock, at Chestnut Park. The success which has attended the college and the interest taken in such affairs as the one above heralded, is most encouraging and gra-

tifying to all the friends of the institution.

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that we have been selling all the winter and up to this week at \$3.50 and \$4.00. As we are sold out of many sizes in each style, we will take \$2.95 for any pair we have left. In this lot you'll find

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An Apology

is due many of our patrons whose letters remain unanswered, orders unfilled or who were turned away without treatments this week owing to the enormous number of both city and country patients we had to treat.

Our arrangements will enable us to attend to all cases promptly now, though when convenient personally or by telephone. Remember we treat all defects or blemishes of the Hair, Scalp, Hands, Complexion, Feet or Figure.

Will physicians who send us patients kindly telephone 4994 for any information which they may desire.

Remember the address: The Graham Dermatological Institute, 502 Church street, (established 1892), Misses Moote & High, proprietors. Manufacturers of the Prince's Toilet Preparations. Canadian headquarters for Mrs. Gertrude Graham's fine cosmetics and hair preparations.

cessity, in the interests not only of the company, but of the Province of British Columbia, of obtaining direct access to the adjacent markets of the United States. Popular sympathy seems to be decided on the side of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company in its struggle to free itself and the whole Pacific Province from the domination of the C.P.R. Those who wish to keep posted on the railway question, which is looming up so large in Canadian affairs, cannot do better than to read, mark and inwardly digest Senator Cox's weighty and convincing argument.

Prosperous and Safe.

Attention is invited to the report of the British America Assurance Company, on page 4. The record of the sixtieth-seventh year of this well-known and eminently sound company ought to be gratifying to every shareholder and policy-holder, and should appeal strongly to the confidence of the general public. It will pay those contemplating insurance to peruse the concise and interesting statement of the company's affairs. The officers and directors of the British America are all leading and reliable Canadian business men, and they are evidently handling the interests committed to them with consummate skill.



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Dip the Biscuit in cold water; allow the water to drain off, then place in a soap plate; cover over with milk and water. Place in the oven for three or four minutes; remove, adding hot or cold milk and sugar to taste.

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The Dreaming of John Graves

Some Character and a Little Love.
By ERNEST A. WALES, Toronto.

JOH GRAVES was not a dreamer. No; his worst enemies, even including Josh Smartweed, that back-biting, malignant, old pessimist, on the next lot to the north, not even Smartweed would have accused Graves of possessing any known variety of imagination. True, John had little in his work-a-day life to stimulate fancy. He lived alone, tilling the soil his ancestors had tilled for a hundred years, buying a few simple necessities and selling the product of his labor in the open market at Marioke. The surplus of his earnings was laid away out of reach of moth or any such vermin, and John watched the pile accumulate with the satisfaction of a soldier throwing up earthworks. In addition to his other peculiarities John had never been known to joke, or what was infinitely more reprehensible from the point of view of certain wags, to laugh at a really good story. His taciturnity was a subject of chatter over half the country side, and his general crustiness made him an objective for the venom and spleen of the whole neighborhood. Josh Smartweed once swore a great oath that he had several times seen curs go around a whole lot rather than cross one of Graves' fields.

If John had ever been sentimental in his boyhood he had most certainly discarded such nonsense on attaining man's estate. He had absolutely no idea of the poetry of mute Nature, the subtle harmony pervading all her works, the epic stories of her humblest forms of life. The sense of color and form, apart from utility, was dead within him. Anything was nothing if it contained no monetary value, but if the glint of gold shone upon it, then that one characteristic negatived and swallowed up all others, and as far as John Graves was concerned, they might as well never have been created. Wheat to him was nothing but wheat, so many grains of which make a standard bushel. The only use of color in cattle was to tell their breed. Trees had certain good qualities: for instance, timber fetched a high price. The live stock could drink at the purling stream, and "timothy," often benefited by a heavy fall of dew, As for winds and rains, they were frequently disastrous to crops and delayed the harvest. Birds were a pest, and flowers—a rule they were darned weeds.

In short, Graves was a hard-headed Canadian farmer, with no ambitions above the gaining of a competence on earth, and standing a chance for anything good that might come after. He was close, extremely close, but not miserly. His retrenchments lacked that one quality which makes the miser—the fever for the possession of wealth apart altogether from its intrinsic worth. No, John was just the embodiment of all that was practical, nothing more, nothing less. Knowing that you held the key to his every act. But, though not a dreamer, he sometimes dreamed.

From his youth up he had accustomed himself to the "early to bed, early to rise" arrangement, either because his hard work called imperatively for such hours of rest, or because away down in the substrata of his mind he believed he would in that way merit happiness, wealth and wisdom. Precisely at eight o'clock every evening he trudged upstairs to the garret of his small cottage, and laboriously disrobed with many a sigh. Bearing aversion to using oil for such an operation, he occasionally bumped his head against the rafters or collided with one of the formidable bed-posts of his antiquated couch. He was good-natured about it. Such bruises healed without the application of liniment, and so were practically inexpensive. There was a Bible somewhere in the house, but it was never read. Reading was a needless waste of time, and especially in winter, would require a lamp. Prayers were out of the question. He was in good health, the hens laid regularly, and the cow calved in due season. Anyway, the floor was hard and cold.

After he lay down John usually turned over once or twice, and then sank into the sleep of one who toils with his hands. But on certain nights sleep came not so readily. At rare intervals before relinquishing the reins, his sluggish mind allowed itself a modest little excursion into realms which John would have been shocked to see it enter. These illicit trips were made when John's will had fallen asleep in its sentry box, though the general dormant tendency had not penetrated to the lower states of consciousness. Then strange and not unpleasant fancies would come into the unkept head, and the bearded lips would pucker grotesquely into what was meant for a smile, and a warm little stream of blood would dart out from the lumbering old heart and rapidly diffuse itself through the man's face and scalp, and—why prolong a needless description? With such evidence adduced, it is quite clear that John Graves had a secret, a real, plump little dumpling of a secret, all feathered and almost able to feed itself. This secret, moreover, was a nocturnal thing, and never crept out of cover save during the watches of the night, when the strong man was shorn of his power, and the keepers of the gate had betrayed their trust.

There was something human, too, about this welcome vampire. It invariably took the shape of a live-busting little woman down Marioke way. John had never missed attending the fall fair at Marioke of late years, and he never thought of stopping anywhere else than at one particular house. I forget the street, but John had liked the place, you know, and saw no reason for changing, and then—to tell the truth, he had never met another woman he cared for as he did Mrs. Plummer. A widow she was, and really John liked widows;

not that he had known many, but still, they had such a way, in fact there was something so unobtrusive about them. They had learnt from experience that a man is only a man, and didn't expect from him the behavior of a demi-god. Such were the thoughts that sometimes flitted across John's mind before the full-blown snore announced that the performance was closed. Then John would roll sluggishly like a waterlogged tub in half a sea, and flounder about a minute, and—sleep.

It was on some such night that John dreamed a dream, a wondrous dream, and he blushed and flushed so profusely in the operation that he awoke and lay staring blankly at the dimly outlined fretwork of dust and cobwebs which adorned the roof of his humble chamber. The first twilight of dawn stole into the room before he realized just what had happened to him.

"As if she'd have me," he muttered to himself. "Though she did kinder consent only a minute ago; but that was simply a dream. I must quit this here dreamin'." It unfits a man for work."

He studied the ceiling, and absently took note of the crowing rooster in the barnyard. "I kin hardly understand this dreamin'. I never did the likes afore. I ain't surely agoin' blank crazy at my time o' life.

An' them to think, I—me, John Jeremiah Graves, had the nerve to ask her, even in my sleep—pah, she be my wife! She'd scuttle me out o' the house in double quick style. But, by golly, I would!"

"My land sakes, what kin that be noise be? Not the railroad?" John sat up and strained his ears.

The morning air was calm, and distant noises were distinctly audible in the attic room. The crash of a swiftly-moving body brought to a sudden stop, the shrill noise of hastily applied air-brakes, and the peculiar hissing sound of escaping steam, filled the apartment with their clamor.

The main line of a railroad passed within half-a-mile of his dwelling, and trains rushed by at all hours of the day and night. John had grown accustomed to their noise, which troubled him not at all. The steady rattle of the trucks, the sharp double jerk of the whistle at the crossing, and the clang of the warning bell, had dovetailed with the sounds of the farm and came as part of the day's necessary noise. But this was different. There was an indefinite, intangible touch of alarm in that long mournful cry of the whistle, and the hiss of the steam held an ominous note which penetrated the Megalosaurus skull of the worthy Graves.

He hastened down the road, and there stood the Metropolitan express looking like a guilty, shame-faced monster in the morning light. The engineer and fireman were examining the mechanism, and after a long wait John ventured to ask a question.

"What's the matter with the old hoss, anyway?" he said with a familiarity he was far from feeling. If a wrench had been fired at him he would not have been overmuch surprised.

"Oh, nothin' much," replied one of the men, unscrewing the top of an oil feeder. His hand trembled as he worked, and he looked pale. "The boiler strained and sprung a leak over the firebox."

"Yes, I guess they're darned ugly things to handle when they go that way," vaguely commented John, edging toward the back of the crowd of passengers who had gathered around.

Presently the conductor came up and addressed the engineer. He held his watch in his hand and eyed it as he spoke. "Well, Mac, can you do anything with her?" he asked anxiously.

"We should have been close to Maroke by this time. As is I've sent a man on to Abington to wire for help."

"But the woman?"

The conductor stood up in front of the crowd. He was tired and testy; but he swore no one should say he had not done his whole duty, no matter how absurd that duty appeared. "Men," he cried, "I am told there is a woman in that burning car. It has not been searched. Let someone help me, and we will enter it." He ground his teeth when he thought of the damnable folly of the whole thing; but if he died for it he wouldn't have that lanky bearded fool smear at him.

"The day-coach was not searched, you," he said, touching the conductor a sharp tap.

The man in gold braid looked at the man in dirty blue duck and said nothing.

"Pr'aps it had better be," continued John, tentatively, looking at the sky. He hardly knew what he said, yet he felt that something had been left undone that should have been done.

"Will you search it, then?" retorted the other. "Don't be foolish! It would be death to enter that car."

"The day-coach was not searched, you," he said, touching the conductor a sharp tap.

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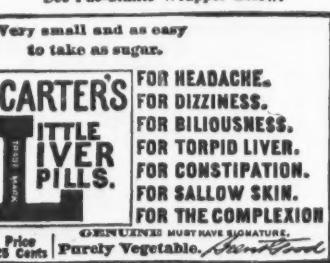
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Curious Bits of News.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon, who has become widely known by his balloon studies, intends this winter to ascend to the top of one of London's worst and blackest fogs, and to explore its constitution scientifically. He will try the effect of gunpowder explosions in dissipating the fog.

"Ed" Alvey, a prominent Kentucky gambler, has been convicted and sentenced to two years in the Frankfort penitentiary. Ex-Congressman Owens, "the coolest man who ever sat in a Kentucky poker game," was retained by the Social Purity League to prosecute Alvey. One lawyer remarked when the verdict was brought in: "When a man serves a sentence for gambling in Kentucky we will quit drinking whiskey and burn up the stock farms."

One of nature's sharpest sentinels is the blue heron. Not only does he stand guard for himself and immediate relatives, but he is unwittingly a sentry for other birds. Ducks and geese use him, and I have often wondered, says a writer in "Forest and Stream," why sportsmen, particularly duck and geese hunters, do not employ a decoy resembling a heron, or crane, as they are often erroneously called. I can assure the readers of "Forest and Stream" that the common wooden or canvas decoy is not to be compared with a neatly mounted blue heron as a lure for the feathered goblins.

Prof. W. M. Wheeler, in the "American Naturalist," describes a species of ants which raise "mushrooms" for food. They first cut leaves into small pieces and carry them into their underground chambers. Then they reduce the leaves to a pulp, which they deposit in a heap. In this heap the mycelium of a species of fungus finds lodging, and, the subterranean conditions favoring such a result, minute swellings are produced on the vegetable mass. These are the "mushrooms," which constitute almost the sole food of the colony of ants that cultivates them.

During the eclipse of the sun in May last an English observer, Mr. Everhard, as reported at a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, noticed a point on the edge of the moon where the sun was shining through a very deep valley, and where the lunar mountains seemed to be about 35,000 feet in altitude. This exceeds by 6,000 feet the estimated height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain on the earth. The edge of the moon is so broken by peaks, ridges and valleys that the length of totality during a solar eclipse is affected by them.

Dr. Adolpho Mercondes de Moura, of Sao Paulo (Brazil), contributes a paper on the application of rattlesnake poison to the cure of leprosy to the "German Medical Weekly Journal." This poison has been used for a long period by the natives for the treatment of skin diseases and even leprosy. Many wonderful cures of lepers through rattlesnake bites having been reported to him, Dr. de Moura set himself to make investigations. He experimented with the poison on fifteen lepers, and he has come to the conclusion that the lepra tuberculosa, if not complicated with another disease, is curable by its means. If this opinion is well founded, the instance is probably the most curious in all nature of one deadly poison being an antidote for another.

In Winter.

A silence strange has come to them—The rivers, lakes, and streams. Not even the snout of winter's blast Disturbs their quiet dreams.

And all the night along their shores The birches sob and moan, And restless toss, so much they miss The water's soothing tone.

Up from their depths there drifts no sound, Nor voice of cheer; In vain those lonely watchers stoop Their slumber song to hear.

So through the long and dreary nights The orchard birches mourn, While down the valleys on the breeze Their sad lament is borne. HUGH MORTON.

Collingwood.

A Sensible Summer.

A Way to Obtain the Greatest Benefit for the Least Money.

A little woman went to a certain Chautauqua resort last summer, and experienced a most economical and cheerful way of living. She was at that time in a debilitated condition with poor digestion, which made it imperative that she have the right kind of food, and yet such was that was nourishing and strengthening, "so I took an equipment of fresh, crisp Grape-Nuts. During that summer I lived on Grape-Nuts, with a little cream or milk, and some ripe fruit such as I could procure.

"Many meals were made of delicious Grape-Nuts alone. I experienced a peculiar clearness of intellect, and a bodily endurance never known before on the old-time diet of meat, biscuits, butter, etc.

It was a continual delight, the healthy way of living, combined with simplicity, economy and the highest utility, incurring no restaurant or board bill, and returning at the end of the summer with money in my pocket, realizing that I had lived sumptuously every day, for I had lived on the most perfect food known, and was renewed in health, strength and mental power, and had acquired a complexion so clear and fresh tinted that I was termed a picture of health, and felt myself to be a happy woman."

She lives at Monmouth, Ill. Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Limited. Battle Creek, Mich.

"Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother, madam." "Ah, I beg your pardon! I had not noticed the resemblance."

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.**Hard to Please.**
"Pick-Me-Up."**Books and Their Makers.**

MR. E. S. Williamson, of this city, has in the February number of "Literary Life," New York, an interesting article entitled "The Dickens Christmas." Mr. Williamson writes in reply to a somewhat remarkable article under the same heading by Mr. Stephen Fiske in the January number of the "Smart Set." In the latter Mr. Fiske laboriously strove to prove that while Dickens has given the English-speaking world Christmas as we now celebrate it, he did not discover or invent this Christmas until after he had visited America, and that, therefore, "is at least a delightful probability that the modern Christmas, to which Dickens owed so much and for which we owe him so much, originated from information acquired during his sojourn in this country." This absurd contention of Mr. Fiske's is what Mr. Williamson sets out to pulverize, and it must be admitted he is completely successful. He shows that in the "Sketches by Boz," written before Dickens' first visit to America, there are passages that are the very embodiment of the Christmas spirit. He quotes from the published tribute of Dickens' eldest daughter, "My Father as I Recall Him," wherein an entire chapter is devoted to telling how Christmas had always been kept in the author's family circle. Finally he quotes George Augustus Sala's opinion that "Dickens, socially speaking, taught our American cousins how to keep Christmas." "Fancy," says Mr. Williamson, "fancy" Morris England and good old London town in the year 1842 being startled by the wonderful intelligence, brought home by Dickens from America, that such a festival as Christmas actually existed and was being observed in the United States!" On the whole, it looks very much as if Mr. Fiske's "delightful probability"—that Dickens derived his Christmas inspiration from America—must be dismissed as a "delightful impossibility."

Several articles reminiscent of an earlier period in American literature have been made into a book by their author, Mr. W. D. Howells, and published in a large volume, entitled "Literary Friends and Acquaintances." The literary colonies of Boston and Cambridge receive most of the attention, though there are a few pages devoted to New York in the lays of the "Saturday Press" and Pfaff's. The style of the prose in this book is, fortunately, not all as cumbersome as this, from page 18: "These fine square wooden mansions . . . gave me an impression of family as an actuality and a force which I had never had before, but which no Westerner can yet understand the East without taking into account." It is evident, however, that when one now generally considers an authority, a "dean" in the faculty of American letters, can pen such a sentence we need expect no care or style from others.

A Jersey farmer visiting New York stood looking at a sign in a bookstore window: "Dickens' Works All This Week for Two Dollars." "Wal," he remarked, "my 'pinion is that that Dickens feller is either a mighty poor workman or else he's confounded harp up for a job." This from the Boston "Courier."

The cartoons published in the "Globe" during the last Dominion election campaign have been issued in permanent book form by the artist, Mr. J. W. Bengough, through the Peole Publishing Company. They are well printed on good paper and form an interesting souvenir of the campaign which many politicians, particularly on the Liberal side, will wish to have in their libraries.

Hamilton Drummond's new novel, A King's Pawn, has just been issued in the United States, and the orders from New York City alone exhausted the entire first edition. This would indicate that a good historical novel is still bound to be popular, for Mr. Drummond has taken for his plot that great dramatic episode of history—the advancement of Henry of Navarre to the throne of France. He has carefully studied his subject, and so vivid is his style, so life-like his characters, that the "St. James' Gazette" says: "It is a truly royal romance, written with the real historic ring." While the American edition retails at \$1.50, Canadians are fortunate in being able to secure a popular edition in paper at 50¢, and in cloth at \$1.00.

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Blended by experts.

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whole being finished off and completed with something underneath of this sort: She: "Were you out last evening?" He: "Yes, I was out about \$4 at poker." There are also the people who only like their humorous pictures in series, where something occurs which requires from three to a dozen scenes in the telling, the last one being supposedly the climax. Persons of this sort will conscientiously begin at the beginning and work along to the end, and when the end is reached how they do enjoy it! though they might easily have guessed half way through what was going to happen. I respect this class of mind; it is sincere and logical, and in it humorous art finds one of its most steadfast supporters. As regards the people who like cartoons, I think there are only two sorts—those who like severe or vicious cartoons, and those who prefer the good-natured, "funny" kind. Of the people who like the good-natured kind of cartoon, I can only say that they have my gratitude and my humble devotion."

time that hens made eggs, and this knowledge filled him with a desire to see one of them at work.

Being a patient waiter, the lad finally had his wish gratified, and exultantly seizing the product of the cackling fowl, he marched into the house with his prize.

"Let me have it," said the farmer's wife, "and I'll cook it for your dinner."

"Oh, I guess the hen cooked it all right," replied Master Carl. "It's warm."

Unlike Anybody Else.

Obstinacy, like most other qualities, has many forms of manifesting itself. "I do think," said one of the group of nephews who were discussing "Uncle Chauncey's" peculiarities, "he's the contrariest man alive."

"What new light have you had on the subject?" asked one of the others.

"Well, he's so contrary," was the rejoinder, "that if he sees a newspaper advertisement headed, 'Don't read this!' he doesn't read it!"

How Melba Got Her Start.

EDMUND VII, as Prince of Wales, was the first to recognize the musical genius of Madame Melba. It all happened so long ago, and Madame Melba has risen so high in her profession, and has met His Majesty so many times since that eventful first night, that the incident was almost forgotten until the Queen's death recalled anecdotes in the life of the Prince.

Madame Melba, in telling of her first meeting with Royalty, says: "I was singing small parts at Covent Garden. No one knew me, and my efforts met with conventional applause. One night I finished my part early, I changed my costume to street gown, and went home before the opera was over. The Prince of Wales was in a box. Shortly after I left Covent Garden the Prince summoned Sir Augustus Harris to his box.

"You have a new singer named Melba in the cast to-night. Who is she?" asked the Prince.

"She is an Australian from Melbourne," replied Sir Augustus.

"She has a beautiful voice. I wish to compliment her. Bring Madame Melba to my box."

"Harris hurried back to my dressing room. By his orders they searched the house for me. A messenger was sent to my hotel.

"I was frightened by the summons, and hurried back to Covent Garden. When I entered the Royal box the Prince said, 'Madame, you were in no hurry.' I was too frightened to make any explanation, and scarcely knew what to say. The Prince took pity on me. After saying my delay must have been no fault of mine own, he complimented me on my voice, and thanked me for the pleasure my singing had given to him."

"After that night I got better roles. Since then I have met the Prince frequently. I always found him most gracious and quick to appreciate the beautiful in music and art."

The Helpful Hen.

The city boy in the country also has "experiences." The Portland "Argus" tells of a little lad who, by spending the summer on a farm, learned many things.

It was a new experience for the little fellow, and everything was delightfully unfamiliar. He found out for the first

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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DRAMA

HE REV. J. C. SPEER, pastor of Euclid avenue Methodist church, has been applying dirty epithets to actor people in general and to all who patronize their unholy performances. A preacher has as good a right as an editor, an actor, a duly ordained dramatic critic, or an ordinary citizen, to discuss the theater, but it is incumbent upon him in stating his opinions, as it is upon others, to be fair, to be well informed, and not to exaggerate. That it is absolutely impossible for the average Methodist preacher to be any of these in discussing the drama has time and again been proved. Few people could be found to uphold the view that the theater of the present day is either artistically or morally all that it might and ought to be. But then few could be found to say that the churches, the law courts, the Houses of Parliament, and many other institutions on the whole desirable and good, are all they might and ought to be. The people who are best informed about the theater would be the first to admit that as an institution it falls far short of the ideal. Mercenary men and women, characterless men and women, men and women devoid of a sense of responsibility, lacking convictions as to either morals or art, use the theater for ignoble purposes. "The drama of the dust-bin," as the erotic play has been stigmatized, is all too prevalent. Even where the salacious and immoral are not to be found, the crude, the trivial and the shallow are often rampant on the modern stage. Those who are doing most to remedy these defects, to lift up the stage to a useful purpose and a worthy plane, are not, however, ignorant, narrow-minded and violent ex-cathedra critics like Rev. Mr. Speer, but the hundreds of conscientious artists and clean-living men and women who, from within the theater, either as performers or patrons, are countenancing only good acting and decent plays. Admitting all the evils of indiscriminate play-going, all the evils of inordinate play-going, all that can be said about the lax morals of perhaps a majority of the people of the stage, and every charge that can be brought against the modern drama, the fact remains that the most pronounced successes of the past season, as probably of every other season, have been the great and exalted plays, which the best public taste could unquestionably endorse. The triumphs of Irving, the success of Sothern and Mansfield in Shakespearean roles, the great business of Maude Adams, and of Bernhardt and Coquelin in Rostand's creations, furnish as fair a criterion of the potentialities of the theater for great and good ends as the success of such plays as Sapho and Zaza in the opposite direction. Rev. Mr. Speer said:

"As to those who attend the theater, they were, first, the ignorant, degraded, vicious classes; second, the people of leisure, who have no particular allegiance to Christ or Christianity; and lastly, the people who have never seriously considered their relationship to other people nor the still greater and more appalling fact of their support and countenance of an institution which has resisted all efforts of reform along moral lines."

Who is this Rev. Mr. Speer, that he should set himself up as the judge off-hand of the morals and motives of hundreds of thousands of fellow-beings? There are as good people going to the theaters in Toronto and every other city in Christendom as the sensational and emotional and hysterical if well-meaning individual who assumes the role of public censor from the pulpit whence he should be preaching the charity that "hopeith all things, believeth all things, thinketh no evil." Mr. Speer can rest assured that if the theater is bad he will never succeed in making it any better. Nor can he abolish it if he should keep on screaming from now till Doomsday. Nor can he even keep one intelligent, discriminating patron of the drama from the contamination his fancy paints as pervading every place wherein plays are enacted. The theater rests on as fundamental a trait of human nature as religion itself. These things being as they are, would not the Rev. Mr. Speer be doing wisely to train his sieve guns on some other objective equally inviting as a target and affording a surer prospect of success? That there are some such objectives I, for one, have a haunting suspicion.

Mr. E. S. Williamson's popular entertainment, "A Dickens Evening," had a very successful presentation before the All Around Dickens Club at Boston on February 7th, and he will visit Ottawa, Stratford, and other points during the present month.

Sir Henry Irving, week before last, in Dublin beat all provincial records, taking more money than has ever been taken in any city in the British Islands outside London.

The Devil's Mine, a sensational four-act drama, was the attraction at the Princess this week. The scene is laid in a mining district in the far West—an environment that has been chosen for the foundation of many a blood-curdling story. Louis Bresen played the part of Jack Hawley in a masterful manner, and made it quite evident that his powers were not entirely concentrated on villainous scheming. Mark Kent gave an admirable delineation of the intemperate old miner. As the miner's daughter, Anne Blanche was bright and attractive as ever. Osborne Seale did some clever acting in the part of Jose Alvarez, the sneaking "greaser." On the whole, this week's show proved a success, although at times the dialogue, even as late as Tuesday night, showed lack of freedom of delivery and slight signs of hesitation—a fault to which stock companies

are very liable where they are presenting one show while preparing the next.

Even those who went to Shea's this week expecting something "extra special" were, I venture to say, satisfied to a degree that exceeded their most sanguine hopes. Indeed, they could scarcely be otherwise, for this week's bill, for novelty and refinement, or from almost any standpoint, undoubtedly equalled, if not surpassed, anything of the kind that we have seen here since this pretty little "family resort" first opened. High-class singing is always an attractive feature, and Grace Van Studdiford is a vocalist of exceptional talent. She possesses a powerful soprano voice of great warmth and richness. Her tones were clear and lyrical, while her rendering was free and spontaneous to a degree. To add to this, Miss Studdiford is a remarkably pretty young woman, and combined great vocal ability with an uncommonly handsome stage appearance. The Bifurcated Girl was a really laughable farce, and that is saying a good deal. Mr. Murphy was an original type of comedian, and as the hungry theatrical man who was trying to keep up appearances before a prospective pupil, was really "awfully funny." The feature of this act, however, lay in a little illusionary work. Miss Allen, standing in the background and taking a sword, to all appearances cut herself through at the waist. The lower section then walked forward and off the stage, presenting a sight that was at once horrifying and highly ridiculous. The Three Lelliotts had a clever musical sketch, which, however, would not have suffered any for the cutting out of the humorosities and the substituting of musical selections. The girl's harp-playing was skilful and was much appreciated. The "Trombone Lelliott" had an exceedingly humorous and characteristic make-up. Ralph Johnstone might well be styled "maniac a-wheel." His tricks all showed excessive daring as well as great doggedness. However, his feat of jumping up a flight of steps was tiring in its many attempts, although he won a round of enthusiastic applause when he succeeded. Oscar Sisson and Esther Wallace gave a clever one-act comedy entitled Cousin Ella's Visit. The novelty in this was in a



little trick. Mr. Sisson stood with his hands behind his back, and Miss Wallace, standing behind him, put her arms through his, and while he sang a song she suited the words with appropriate gestures. Bessie Lamb was an eccentric cakewalker and dancer, with grotesque manner of ogling. Robertus and Wilfredo did some interesting balancing feats as well as extraordinary rubber-ball juggling. Forbes and Quinn had a clever novelty act—in fact, there was not a weak number on the whole programme.

The persistency with which sex questions of a doubtful class are exploited by some present-day dramatists is again illustrated in The Awakening. Haddon Chambers' new play recently put on at the St. James' Theater, London. Told briefly, the story is as follows: Mr. Trower has found his advances rejected by Mrs. Herbertson, but has become involved in a guilty flirtation with Lady Margaret Staines. Her husband is killed at the war, but when she says, "I am free," Trower does not propose to marry her. This is because his heart is captured by an innocent girl, Olive Laurence. Lady Margaret visits her and denounces Trower, who is rejected. A good friend unites them, however, by means of a mendacious telegram, and Lady Margaret goes abroad. These are, of course, old and familiar materials, but they are deftly handled by the dramatist, and the clever handling preserves the interest. All the characters are well drawn, and are types met in society.

The Grand Opera House is to reopen on Monday with the Bostonians, who, while here, will present two new operas, The Serenade and The Viceroy, and also Robin Hood. It was the intention of the Bostonian management to give only the new operas, but so many appeals have been made to Manager Sheppard for a performance of Robin Hood that the necessary arrangements were made with the company. The Serenade and The Viceroy are both by Victor Herbert, and both have been metropolitan "successes." The engagement will open on Monday night with the presentation of The Serenade, which will also be sung at the Wednesday matinee. On Tuesday night The Viceroy, and on Wednesday night Robin Hood, will be put on. In addition to all the old favorites, Barnabee, MacDonald, Frothingham, Bartlett, and others, a sensation is promised in the appearance of a distinguished basso, John Dunsmure.

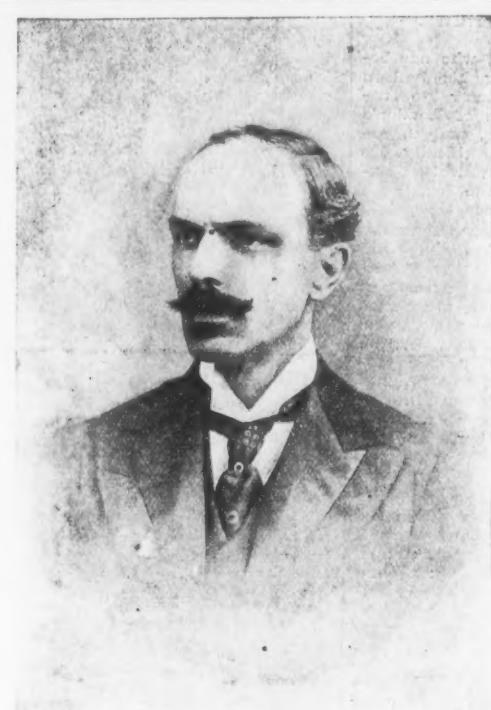
Foxy Quiller, which has been looked forward to for many weeks, and the dates of which have twice been changed, is now announced for the Grand during the week of April 1st.

Notwithstanding the difficulty at his Buffalo theater with the "White Rats," or Vaudeville Performers' Association. Mr. Shea announces that his Toronto house will be open as usual next week. However, at the time of writing this column it is impossible to announce the attractions.

Lost River is the enigmatical name of the play at the Toronto next week. The Brand of Cain, a title that savors of melodrama, is billed for the Princess.

LANCE.

Wragson Tatters—Dat's a funny sign yer got up dere, boss. Mr. Housekeep—What? "Look out for the dog?" Wragson Tatters—Yes. Dat dog's big enough an' ugly enough ter look out fur hisself.—Philadelphia "Press."



Maurice Hewlett.

I. (After reading his "Richard-Yea-and-Nay.")

WE leap into the saddle, grip the reins,
And kiss the velvet flanks with golden spur.
And then, like great, lost winds, we rush
with her.
The fair Jehane, through lawless war's domain!
Here's love, with bloody tears, that groans and strains;
Here's valor, that the soul's foundations stir;
Here's sacrifice, that life's prized windows blur,
As we ride over Saladin's wide plains!

We hear the swish of twice ten thousand blades;
We feel the hurricane of Norman wrath;
We see the English wolves at Moslem throats!
And then we dream of far-off Norman glades.
And walk with love along the primrose path,
As Richard's song above the tower floats!

II.
Ye novelists of Britain, hide your heads!
Back to the woods, with large but nimble feet!
For here's your master swinging down the street.
With sword in hand, to cut your fame to shreds!
Back to your caves! and into your straw beds!
And nevermore upon this planet bleat!
Content your stomachs now with uncooked meat;
The banquet hall's for him whom genius weds!

Ye write with pens; this New Man with a sword;
Ye write with ink; and he with blood and tears;
Ye from the head; and I from the head and heart!
He fronts his work like Richard, his great lord,
Or like a god who rules starred hemispheres.
And not like greedy traders in a mart!

—JOHN ERNEST McCANN, in New York "Times."

A Non-Believer in Missionaries.

Labouchere says in London "Truth": "For my part, I do not subscribe to the support of any missionaries in China. When the Christian religion is practised by the vast masses in England that are outside its pale, it will, I think, be time to spend money in converting Chinese. As it is, the missionaries there are the cause of much trouble. An Oriental only believes in a 'holy man' arrayed in sackcloth and feeding on dried peas or some such food. When a missionary takes up his residence in a Chinese town in a comfortable house and with a wife and family, living in what to the Chinese is regarded as wealth, they deem him a professional, and they have no confidence either in him or in the tenets that he preaches. When, too, they discover that he is not equal in intelligence to many of themselves, and he seeks to alter their habits and customs, they despise and dislike him. So should we if Chinese missionaries of this type were to come over to London, live in comfort with their families, and undertake to convert us to the doctrines of Confucius. Without entering into the question whether missionary labor in China be desirable or the reverse, if it is to be undertaken, the missionaries must be of a very different sort from those whom well-endowed missionary societies, like that of the Church of England, send there."

Lines to a Book-Borrower.

(These lines are after Tennyson—so was the borrower.)
Ask me no more. The moon may draw the sea,
The cloud may stoop from heaven and you to me;
But oh, too fond! when I have answered thee,

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more. I once did lend thee books,
And what on earth's become of them, odzooks!
No man doth wot.

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more. The moon may draw the sea,
But you can draw no more books out of me.

—The "Book Lover."

M. DE WITTE,
The Russian Statesman, who is making
Uncle Sam "sit up."

Notes From the Capital.

Lord Minto a Victim of Red Tape.—Ladies' Keen Interest in the Coronation Oath Debate.—Women Who Follow the Proceedings of Parliament.—At Home at the Rideau Rink.—Lady Laurier's Entertainments.

THERE is said to have been serious disappointment in the Vice-regal household when it was learned that owing to the meshes of red tape surrounding the Colonial Office in London, His Excellency the Governor-General could not obtain the necessary sanction to his projected visit to Washington. His Excellency had hoped to leave last Friday, accompanied by Lady Minto, Lady Antrim, Viscount Dunluce, Miss Plowden, Miss Elliot, and a couple of aides, for Washington, and after a few days in that charming capital to have gone to New York to see Lady Antrim and her son off on their steamer for England. The trouble lay in the fact of there being no general commanding at Halifax. It is the rule, when the Governor-General goes into foreign territory, that none other but the general commanding the Imperial troops can replace him at Ottawa. When his travels do not extend beyond the limits of Canada, the Chief Justice of the Dominion takes the responsibility of governing. Evidently the rules of the Colonial Office are as those of the Medes and the Persians, or surely in view of the fact that there is no general, the Chief Justice might have been allowed to take His Excellency's place for the short space of four days.

His Excellency's not going rather broke up the party. Lady Antrim stayed on at Government House until Monday afternoon, when, with her son and Miss Elliot, she left for New York, from where on Wednesday last they sailed for Europe. Lady Minto, with Mr. Guise in attendance, went down to New York with her sister, returning about the middle of the week. The visit to Washington was given up entirely. However, Miss Pamela Plowden, who has been a guest at Government House since shortly before Christmas, left on Tuesday for Washington, where she is spending the week with Miss Hay, daughter of Mr. Secretary Hay. She sails on Saturday for England. Miss Pamela Plowden is certainly one of the prettiest English girls we have seen as a visitor at Government House. Not at all the dowdy sort of English girl, but a thoroughly up-to-date young woman, with not only a pretty face, but an attractive manner that might almost be called fascinating. In London, they say, Miss Plowden has heaps of admirers, and one can well believe it, for every man who came within her circuit here felt the attraction, and among the Government House party almost every man is said to have been in love with her. So, probably, though Miss Plowden visited Ottawa at an unusually dull time, she found quite enough to amuse her.

When the House of Commons discusses anything at all interesting, the women show their appreciation by gracing the Speaker's gallery and the senators' box. To the first, cards of invitation are issued by the Speaker of the House of Commons, good for the entire session; the other, ladies are only allowed to enter through the special invitation of a senator. The senators are very particular about their box, and one never sees in it ladies who are not either wives or daughters of senators. It happened a few years ago that so many ladies went into the senators' box that the gentlemen to whom it properly belongs were obliged to stand at the back, which they did not like at all, and one of the most important resolutions passed by the Upper House that session was one regarding the exclusion of ladies from the senators' box. As a rule, this session things have been dull in the House of Commons, and the ladies have been conspicuously absent from either gallery, but last week, when Mr. Costigan's resolution on the oath taken by the King at the opening of the British Parliament was under discussion, the ladies flocked up to the hill, and soon there was hardly a seat left in the Speaker's gallery, and the front row of seats in the senators' box was filled by ladies. They stayed there all through the afternoon, when there were some very good speeches made, speeches which showed admirable moderation on both sides and called forth one's admiration for the equable temper of the House of Commons. In the evening the ladies were there again, and most of them stayed to see the thing through, and were there when the vote was taken at ten minutes to two.

Of course it must be something with a picturesqueness side to it to attract the women to the House of Commons, and to keep them there. The week before, a number of fair politicians had hurried away from luncheons and postponed afternoon calls to hear Colonel Sam Hughes speak about his affair with General Hutton, and of how he finished up the Boers, but he did not get a chance all afternoon, owing to the fact that Dr. Thomas S. Sproule, M.P. for East Grey, had the floor, and was telling a long story about beet-root sugar. A very worthy subject, no doubt, but the women did not stay to hear much of it, and so were not there when the division on which so many good bets were lost was taken at six o'clock. In the evening, when Colonel Hughes did speak, he had a number of ladies to hear him, but he was milder than his letters had led people to expect, and there was some disappointment. Among the ladies one sees oftenest in the two reserved galleries are Lady Laurier, Mrs. Clifford Sifton (who is very well versed in politics), Mrs. Blair, Miss Mary Scott, Mrs. Power and Mme. Brodeur (both of the latter often make a pleasant break in the afternoon by inviting ladies down to tea in their drawing-rooms), Mrs. John Charlton, Mrs. Flint, Mme. Casgrain, Mrs. and Miss Primrose (wife and daughter of Senator Primrose), Miss Carmichael (daughter of a senator from Nova Scotia), Mrs. R. L. Borden (wife of the leader of the Opposition), and Lady C. H. Tupper.

March does not always mean spring in Ottawa; much more frequently it means a renewal of winter, which pleases the more those who love skating, skeeving, and hockey. Last Monday evening there was a large At Home at the Rideau rink by Mrs. John Gilmour, the first entertainment of any consequence given since the official mourning was ordered, and only the second that has been given at the Rideau rink this winter. About three hundred invitations were sent out for this party, and there were a great many in the rink. The ice was in good condition. As the 6th of March was so near, a few young ladies ventured to anticipate it by appearing in colored skating suits—that is, those whose frocks were in the more subdued colors of mauve, purple, or dark green. The brilliant rose and bright blue shades which were so much admired at the opening of the season, have not yet ventured out. The first march was led by Mrs. Gilmour's daughter, Miss Jessie Gilmour, a young lady who is not yet out, nor likely to be for a couple of years, but a very graceful little skater. She wore a neat black frock and black hat, and had for partner Mr. St. Denis Lemire, the president of the Rideau Rink Company. There was only one march, the rest of the programme being devoted to waltzes. Mrs. Gilmour had gone to some trouble to make the tea-room pretty, and it certainly did look very nice, with quantities of pink roses on the center table and a bunch of pink roses on each small table. Miss Amy McLimont, of Montreal, a cousin of Mrs. John Gilmour's, is at present her guest.

During Major Denison's short visit to the Capital last week, a pleasant tea was given in his honor by Mrs. Vidal, who invited to meet this popular ex-A.D.C. a number of his old friends. Mrs. Vidal's drawing-room was well decorated with roses on the afternoon of this tea. Lady Laurier has been giving a series of small teas at which there are not more than twenty or thirty ladies, so that the guests can sit down and enjoy conversation and tea in comfort. Lady Laurier usually adds to the pleasure and comfort of her guests by asking four or five young ladies to assist in passing about the eatables and drinkables. She gave two such teas last week, at both of which her tea-table was charmingly decorated with jonquils and tulips. On Tuesday Lady Laurier was the hostess at an afternoon progressive euchre party, to which only married ladies were invited.

AMARYLLIS.

Alfred the Great's Millenary.

ALFRID THE GREAT has been a hero to generations of Canadian schoolboys. The school readers and school histories in this country have always made much of the picturesque figure of him who was at once soldier, sailor, statesman, scholar, musician, and also the progenitor of the whole long line of English sovereigns. It is fitting that Alfred's millenary celebration is to be held this year. Edward VII., who has just come to the throne, is, curiously, the fiftieth successor of Alfred the Great, and he ascends to his exalted station one thousand years after the latter's death. One feature of the millenary celebration will be the unveiling at Winchester of a colossal statue of the Saxon king by Thornycroft. Mr. Frederick Harrison, the famous English critic, who is now visiting America, is giving lectures at Harvard, Columbia, Johns Hopkins and other universities on the writings of Alfred. Incidentally he is receiving contributions towards the coming celebration. Alfred's memory, says Mr. Harrison,



FROM AN OLD SCHOOL HISTORY.

is peculiarly the heritage of all English-speaking peoples, since he was the first English king who made no warfare on the Celts or any other race inhabiting the British Isles, but joined Irish, Scots and Saxons in defence of the insular government and civilization against the invasions of the fierce, sea-roving Danes.

The accompanying pictures, illustrating two of the most romantic incidents of Alfred's strenuous career, will be recognized by thousands of readers who have been familiar with them from childhood. Hallowed and tender memories will be called up in the breasts of those whom these rude little woodcuts will carry back to school days with their mingled associations. The first shows Alfred the Great disguised as a minstrel in the Danish camp, with the pur-



FROM THE OLD CANADIAN THIRD READER.

pose of learning the number and position of the invading army. The second tells the story of Alfred's hiding in the hut of a cowherd in the marshes of Somerset, and of how, absorbed in his plans for driving out the Danes, he allowed the cakes to burn which he had been set to watch and was roundly rated by the cowherd's wife, who told him he was good at eating cakes but bad at turning them. As readers of the old schoolbooks will recall, Alfred heard her with patience, and admitted that he did indeed but ill reward her kindness if he could not mind so small a piece of business. He then cheerfully applied himself to the new and homely work, and carefully baked the bread. In after years, when victory and prosperity came, Alfred remembered and munificently rewarded the hospitable peasant.

The Art Exhibition.—From Two Standpoints.**I.—BY A "RANK OUTSIDER."**

FOR twenty-nine years the Ontario Society of Artists have held an annual exhibition. Twenty-nine years of public competition and of public criticism must surely have wrought no inconsiderable changes in the ideals and the methods of the little band of imported and domestic artists in this wooden and Philistine part of the universe. These twenty-nine years not only should have raised public taste in art matters to a very appreciable extent, but should have brought about a steadily progressive and upward tendency among the artists. It would be interesting, were it possible, to compare the pictures of this year with those of ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years since. One could then see how far the education of the public has progressed, and also how far the painters have risen to the possibilities of the situation.

It must be borne in mind, of course, that those who pursue art in Canada have always had a rocky road to travel. The artist, like other craftsmen, must live. Only after he has earned his day's bread can he devote thought, energy and time to the pursuit of the ideal and the free play of unshackled fancy. The picture-purchasing public in Canada being small, the artist must often compromise with commercialism in order that he may not starve. Moreover, the facilities for the study of his handicraft are restricted. Unlike the aspiring youth in Europe, the young Canadian painter has no great galleries and no masters' studios at his very door. If he does, by a fortunate sale or a fat order, chance to make enough to take him abroad, he is quite likely not to return to his native shores should an opening for permanent residence elsewhere present itself. As a matter of fact, the draining process has been at work in Canada upon our supply of artists. Many of those who have wielded the most magically brush or pencil have found a locus standi in lands beyond the sea, or in the big field for all sorts of human activity that stretches along Canada's southern frontier and is always open for the best and most gifted in every line. In this sense the annual art exhibitions of Canada are not conclusively representative of what this country has done and can do in the realms of pictorial handicraft.

But if it is true that the Canadian artist must first of all live, it is also true that he need never expect to do much more than live if he remains content to walk in beaten paths. In other words, there is such a thing as creating a demand, as well as meeting a demand already in existence. Have our artists the courage, independence and inventiveness necessary to strike out along new lines, to do something characteristic of themselves or of the country? Or is it true that they are content to lag along at the heels of their predecessors, reproducing the things that other schools indigenous to foreign soils, differently



This couple are the recently wedded Duke and Duchess of Westminster (Miss Shelagh West). The Duke is the wealthiest English nobleman. As readers of the cable despatches are aware, he is billed to appear as co-respondent in a scandalous divorce suit ere long. His bride is reputed to be one of the beauties of England, but her portraits can hardly be said to back up the soft impeachment.

circumstanced from ours, have produced before them, and thankful if they can pick up the crumbs that fall from others' tables? If the picture-purchasing public in Canada is small, why should not enterprise and a daring spirit enable our artists, equally with our agriculturists and our manufacturers, to carry their goods into foreign markets and there find recognition if what they offer is worthy of recognition? Simply because a man lives in Canada, he is not to be excluded from renown elsewhere. When this country produces a Milton or a Rubens, he will find it as easy to gain recognition according to his deserts as though he sang beneath the lark-pierced skies of England, or painted amidst the quaint environment of the Netherlands. As a matter of fact, at this moment, the Canadian artist paints not for six millions of people, but for eighty-six millions—the combined population of his own country and the United States, a far more numerous clientele than most of the great painters of past time could hope to command. If the Canadian artist fails to move and attract this mass of people, the fault may be largely that of the age and its manners; it may be attributable to the materialism of the time and of the country, to the keen and merciless competition that exists even in art, but it is assuredly in part his own. No man, be he preacher, painter or poet, ever sounded a clear, clarion call to the world without awakening a response and receiving his reward.

Then again, if the facilities for the study of the technique and morale of painting are limited or practically nil in Canada, what of that? This is, after all, perhaps the very thing that not only is not needed in the production of a great painter, but seems to be doing more than all other causes combined to prevent great painters from coming up. We are, in everything, too conventional, too servile towards the past, too prone to grope blindly in beaten ways. The great painter of the twentieth century must speak to his age, as the great painters of the seventeenth century spoke to theirs—in terms and figures that can be understood, that are already incorporated in the life of the people as a part of its warp and woof.

Finally, though it is true that gifted artists have left Canada, and our national art has suffered to that extent, it is also true that the native painters of Canada have been reinforced from time to time by talent from other countries. The infusion of foreign blood ought to have had a stimulating influence on native art, and the two reacting back and forth upon each other ought to have produced something characteristic, something worthy of remark.

Now, having regard to all these facts, is such an exhibition as that now in progress at the Ontario Society of Artists' gallery an achievement of which the painting fraternity can honestly feel proud, and over which the public can be expected to enthuse? Doubtless in its way it is as good as any previous exhibition of the kind. That a large number of persons are devoting themselves to painting more or less as a serious vocation, is shown by the fact that there are sixty exhibitors, of whom thirty are members of the O.S.A. But is it an exhibition containing one picture that will be recalled with pleasure and enthusiasm by the casual observer a year hence? Where is the epoch-making or epoch-marking picture that shows Canadian artists are doing something on their own account, developing originality, striking out from the hackneyed flat, stale and unprofitable subjects and methods that have done service over and over again? Without criticizing adversely the work of any single painter, it may be said of the exhibition as a whole that the pictures lack force, individuality, distinction. The same cows, horses and sheep, the same hay-stacks and harvest fields, the same purple mountain peaks and green rushing torrents, the same pink trees and white moons and yawl boats and vases of gaudy flowers! For Heaven's sake, ladies and gentlemen, give us something fresh, something Canadian, something instinct with the spirit and aspirations of the time! We have seen all these over and over and over again. Ye are living in a mighty age. A thousand new interests, throng in hearts of clay. A thousand new vistas are opened up to the imagination. A thousand passionate aspirations unexpressed in the bosoms of this money-getting, muck-rubbing multitude. Men turn with as deep-throated a cry as ever in the past for the beautifying and idealizing of their commonplace lives. The time is ripe for the great poet, the great preacher, the great painter—not far in some fabled, magical country, but here in your own Canada. Have none of you the message we wait for? Will you continue to mumble the old formulas in the old terms, and yet wonder that art has no vital hold on the average man? Burn up the pretty trifles of landscape, the pink flowers, the ochre and crimson sunsets, the garden truck and the hackneyed hayfields. Get out into the strident-voiced world of humanity and back into the recesses of your own hearts. Feel that there should be something in a picture besides conventional prettiness. Paint half a dozen canvases that will speak in straight-flung, intelligible words to the heart of humanity, and then hold an exhibition and invite the public to come and see.

PIET VAN DYKE.

II.—BY A COUPLE OF INSIDERS.

THE exhibition shows us the standard of the art of the province up to the present year. It is impossible to judge this exhibition by the standard of European or United States affairs. An interest local to the city and the province must be taken, and every picture judged, if at all, on its merits. To be just to the artists, we must ask in the beginning whether the real art patrons are many, and whether the standard of prices is high. The Ontario Government is helping very much in creating a praiseworthy emulation amongst the painters by buying two \$100 pictures from each annual exhibition. To have a higher standard of pictures, this, however, is not sufficient, as no artist can be expected to devote two or three months to the making of a picture worth one hundred dollars. Many of our artists could devote a much longer period to an important work if they felt there was a fairly good hope to obtain an adequate return for their labor; not that artists in Ontario do not love their work enough to do so without remuneration, but most of them are in circumstances which would not permit them to do it.

Among the oils, and upon entering the door, one faces an important and sympathetic subject by Mr. Bell-Smith,

"The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria." This is a most difficult picture to paint properly, with a high standard of art, and Mr. Bell-Smith will do well to muse on the grandeur of that glorious day, and realize whether he has given that feeling to his work, as we do not want an ordinary rendering of such a subject, where wealth of color and grandeur of conception should predominate.

Near the entrance one notices two well painted pictures by Mr. Knowles. One, "The Last Load," is in low tone against an evening sky still bright and transparent, the soft light of which is well diffused, and the composition well balanced. The other is "The Pool, London," a subject Mr. Knowles delights to give us, and this time with much paint on the lights.

A large canvas by Mr. Challenger, "Workers of the Field," is a very idealistic rendering of the out-of-door life in the field; one can see the painter has that love for the beautiful which will lead him to all his desires: poetry, beauty of form and color. A little gloom would doubtless make this painting better, for so much light and bright color in such a large canvas is apt to tire the eye.

Mr. Forster's portrait of the honorary president of the society, Hon. G. W. Allan, is a happy rendering, in fairly warm color, and as good as any of this artist's works. One would, somehow, love to see Mr. Forster paint a portrait uncommonly bad, or surpassingly superior to anything he has as yet done. Monotony suggests a set way, a lack of looking further into the mysteries of soul, character and color.

Mr. Grier gives us a portrait of a dear old lady—so dear that we do not wish to know her name. She is so lovable that we want to remember her as if she were our own mother or grandmother. The execution, though firm, is more refined than anything exhibited by Mr. Grier for some time. The background is a little severe, perhaps, though not common in color. Mr. Reid's large panel of a mother and child is very beautiful and very artistic; such work should appeal to those able to feel ideally in painting. The rendering is pure, showing no labor, no effort. Would more and stronger color destroy the quality of purity? Mr. Reid has shown us what he can do in strong browns and contrasts, and what he can attain in delicate harmonies. Let us enjoy a happy blending of all these qualities in one great effort.

Miss Muntz works equally well in oils or water color, paying no heed to medium; her three oils show remarkable speed and ease in handling; it is seldom one finds such dexterity in manipulating paint. Miss Muntz speaks to us with knowledge, not all truth yet, but much that shows us she will soon open her eyes and her heart to the beauty of light and color. Low tones are beautiful, but so sad! One somehow cannot criticize Miss Muntz's work for what it is; we see the artist so well through her handling, while the patient love for Dutch art is combating the fire of the Paris studio. Certainly Nos. 39 and 40 are a credit to the exhibition.

Mr. Chavignaud shows one picture in oils: a windmill with low-lying land, a canal boat, and two or three little figures lost in the gloom. The sky is a fine gradation of light and color. This artist's feeling for skies has brought him to the front, though his compositions are at times a little conventional.

Mr. Staples has a very difficult rendering in his oil, "The End of the Day"—gray horses against an evening sky. The pose is good, and the grouping of the horses excellent. It is certainly a meritorious piece of painting, but is it satisfactory? Could it not have been made a little richer in quality of color, more particularly in the horses?

Miss Tully's portrait of her father, her most important contribution, presents a most difficult problem, and is not altogether a success. Her "Breezy Morning" suggests life, action and movement, and all these Miss Tully has given us beyond the title. Her figures are well drawn, the color is good, and the whole canvas sunny and cheerful. Miss Tully is one of our bright hopes in art circles.

Mr. Manly exhibited in oil, in a style different from anything we have been accustomed to by his brush—his work usually being more timid and finished.

Mr. Kelly's "The Last Message" will find its proper appreciation. But we want to see more than a subject, no matter how popular, in a painting.

Mrs. Reid has given us a yellow arrangement in out-of-door flowers.

Mr. Robins is forging slowly ahead, and more out-of-door study will do him good.

Mr. Cutts' figure piece of "Tirzah," though pretty, lacks breath and life.

Miss Hagarty's canvas is also very attractive, though her arrangement of the children, lanterns and flowers reminds us too much of Sargent's great painting of carnation, lily, rose.

Miss Spur's works are a trifle laborious.

KNIFE AND BRUSH.

At a Bernhardt Engagement.

EUGENE FIELD'S new book, "Sharps and Flats," compiled by his literary executors from newspaper files covering twenty years, contains many exquisite things, in the humorist-poet's best vein. Here is a fair sample: A Bernhardt engagement had brought out all the French scholars in Chicago. Field describes what might be seen and heard on all sides:

Presently Colonel William Penn Nixon, the gifted editor of the "Inter-Ocean," came along and slipped into the seat next to General Stiles. He had an opera-glass, and he levelled it at once at Bernhardt's red hair.

"Do you speak French?" asked General Stiles, in the confidential tone of a member of the Citizens' Committee.

"Wee, oon poo," said Colonel Nixon guardedly.

"Voooley-voo donny moy voter ver de lopera?" asked the general, motioning toward the opera-glass.

"See may perzoon ver de lopera," protested the colonel.

"Say lay zhoomeels."

"Mong doo! What do I want of zhoomeels?" cried General Stiles. "Zhoomeels is twins."

"Parbloob!" said Colonel Nixon, "it is not twins; it is opera-glasses."

"You're all wrong, William," urged the general. "The French idiom is 'the glass of the opera.' Ver is 'glass' and de lopera is 'of the opera.'"

"I have heard them called lornets," suggested Judge Prendergast in the deferential tone of a young barrister seeking a change of venue.

"Well, I don't know what the general's opera-glass is," said Colonel Nixon, "but this one of mine is a lay zhoomeels."

"Call it what you please," replied the judge; "it is der tro, as far as I am concerned, until the corpse de bally makes its entray."

"I thought you didn't speak French," said General Stiles, turning fiercely upon the judge.

"Oh, well," the judge explained apologetically, "I'm not what you and the colonel would call off-fay—I'm a june primmer at the business—but when the wind is southerly I reckon I can tell a grizet from a garson."

Willing Horses.

One of the judges at the horse show in New York last fall made a shrewd criticism which has a broader application than he gave it.

Four high-bred carriage horses were on view.

"I see no difference between them," said an unskilled looker-on. "They seem to me to be equals in blood, beauty and training."

"No," said the judge. "This horse," touching one of them, "is incomparably the finest. He is of a better breed than the others, his temper is good, and he is stronger than any of them. But I would not buy him. He will be short-lived. The others will outlive him by years."

"Why? What is wrong?"

"He is too willing a horse. Look! He pulls for both himself and his mate. He shoulders the whole weight, and the other simply trots alongside. There are many such horses. They use up their vitality before middle age."

It occurred to one of the bystanders that there were also many such men and women.

In almost every family there is some unselfish energetic draft-horse who draws the load of the others. It may be the old father, plodding at his desk the year round, while his wife and daughters are idling in Europe; or it may be the lean, fat-taging farmer's wife who keeps house and cooks and irons and sews while the girls are busy in their clubs or entertaining their friends. Often it is a homely old spinster aunt or sister.

As a rule, nobody notices these willing drudges until they drop suddenly in the harness, worn out by pulling the load which belonged to those who were dear to them son, wife or brother.

If, as is usually the case, they have made those about them idle, incompetent and selfish, have they done well? Are they, in fact, good and faithful servants?

The First King Edward Stamps.

When everybody is wondering how soon King Edward stamps will make their appearance, and what they will be like when they do, what kind of a portrait of the King will be employed, how His Majesty will be attired in the stamp picture, whether he will wear a crown, and so forth—it is a little surprising to discover that what are now King Edward stamps were really issued some little time ago, in 1899 as a matter of fact. Newfoundland has stolen a march upon the other parts of the Empire in this respect, and she takes the honor of being the very first to issue a stamp bearing the portrait of the present occupant of the British throne. This came about through no intelligent anticipation of events. Newfoundland simply conceived the idea of paying a very pretty compliment to the Royal Family all round, and so a couple of years ago issued stamps of different values bearing the portraits of different members of the Royal Family. The two-cent stamp was allotted, as it were, to the Prince of Wales, as he then was, and, of course, it is still good. As will be seen from the reproduction, it is of rather pleasing design. It is just the size of an ordinary Canadian stamp, and is a bright brick-red in color.

Wise Words.

The wisest words spoken in a recent meeting of young New Yorkers, which was addressed by three conspicuous millionaires, were uttered by Mr. Colgate Hoyt. "Business founded on friendship is friendship endangered," said he, "but friendship founded on business is friendship assured." Half of the proposition, that fair dealing wins good-will, would be assented to by everybody. But many men have had to learn by sad experience that nothing so surely transforms a friend to an enemy as the suspicion that he is viewed and used as a sort of commercial convenience.

"Just before Badminton was sent to prison he bought a set of books, to be paid for in instalments." "What did he do that for?" "He said it would make the time seem shorter."—Chicago "Tribune."

Disappointment.

Grace—What did you say when he put his arm around you?
Maud—I told him to behave himself.

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"Josephine the Rejected"

One More Popular Illusion Destroyed.
UNDER the shadow of Mont Valerien, fortress-crowned, stood five years ago a rambling, untidy chateau in the last stage of neglect and dilapidation. Around it was something which had once been a garden. The observant eye could detect in the rank, knee-deep grass the debris of statues, columns, vases, and temples which had vanished before the ravages of time and the ruthless hand of man.

And this was Malmaison—a place rich in memories of two of the most striking figures that France has produced, Napoleon and Josephine, but pre-eminently associated with Josephine, who lived here for the most part after her divorce, and here she died.

To-day Malmaison is restored; its grounds—or what remains of them—have regained their pristine elegance; the house is the home of a Napoleon Museum. But by a curious coincidence, at the very moment when the chateau is rebuilt, M. Frederic Masson, in his new book, *Josephine République* (Paris, Ollendorff), has destroyed the sweet illusions which cling to it and its former mistress.

For he has taken Josephine, that model of elegance and charm, and has dissected her character as remorselessly as the anatomist dissects some "part." He has torn away the dainty fabrics, cut into the flesh, and in place of a heart he has found something stuffed with bran. Josephine becomes a mere lay-figure, appalled gorgeously, showing, it is true, always a tact which is above all dispute, but wanting—singularly wanting—in those deeper qualities without which character cannot be said to exist.

The world has generally looked upon her as the person wronged by the divorce, her as the inconsolable victim of Napoleon's egotism and policy. It has pictured her spending "heart-sick days and nights of woe" in vain regret for the loved one she had lost. But alas! this is one illusion the more.

From M. Masson's studies and from the facts which he so industriously marshals, it is clear that she was in love, not with Napoleon, but with the position which he occupied as his wife; that for loss of him personally she felt little real regret; and that, in absolute contravention of what he believed, she abandoned him carelessly when he fell.

"She is the woman I most dearly loved," he said of her in his captivity. But the feeling was not reciprocated. M. Masson traces with infinite skill the bored attitude towards him. He was destitute of humor; he had all for strenuous activity; he had a passion for the sublime; the very ardor of his passion was a nuisance. In Italy, when her husband, in the hour of death which placed him among the greatest soldiers of the world, calls eagerly to her to come and share his glories, she is reluctant to leave the pleasures and dissipations of Paris. Until he has mounted the steps of the throne and is about to appropriate the sceptre, her mind is busy with the idea of getting rid of him by a divorce. When the Orient falls below the horizon, carrying Caesar and his fortunes to Egypt, her attitude is a sigh of relief that he is safely out of the way for a whole year.

The tragedy of it all is that he does not understand. He supplicates, entreats her to come to Italy. He feels himself inferior to her, so great is the influence which she exercises upon him. . . . She is amused and finds excuses. On each occasion that she puts one forward he is so simple as to believe her. . . . He does not see or discover that she is tricking him." It will always be a matter for debate whether Napoleon might not have been both a very much greater and a better man had he been subject to the influence of a really good and noble wife.

That he would not have been insensitive to such an influence can be seen from his attitude to Mme. Walewska. But Josephine had no emotions, no personality, nothing but her incomparable tact and charm.

In the great crises of her life her metal rings false. The instinct of devotion and self-sacrifice which marks the heroic character is not in her. When Napoleon makes the final and definite announcement that for reasons of State he is determined to divorce her, this is what happens, in M. Masson's words:

"An instant later those in the waiting-room heard the shrieks she uttered. Napoleon opened the door and called Bausset (the Prefect of the Palace). She lay on the floor, rolled there weeping and giving vent to heart-

The Source of Energy

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Sir Henry Thompson says—"It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for the present generation to realize the contrast presented in respect of the demand now made on man's activity, especially that of the brain, during, say, the last thirty or forty years."

"The wear and tear of existence has enormously increased, and the demand for rapid action and intense exertion of the nervous system is certainly ten-fold greater now."

"The necessary result of this extreme demand for brain activity, since that organ is the sole source of energy on which all the functions of the body, including that of digestion, depend, is an insufficient supply for this important process. Under these circumstances nothing can be more important than to provide food of a kind and in a form which will economize the work of the stomach."

"It is impossible to conceive of a preparation better suited to the requirements of an exhausted nervous system than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative in pill form."

"Business men exhausted by over-work and worry, school teachers and pupils exhausted by over-application to study, women exhausted by the weakening irregularities peculiar to their sex, and all men, women, and children suffering nervous exhaustion or prostration, can be cured positively and permanently by a two-months' treatment with the great food—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

This famous prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase contains in concentrated form all the elements required to form new red corpuscles in the blood, and create new nerve tissue.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is nature's great restorative. It immediately stops the wasting process which debilitates the system and cures by building up the system, forming firm flesh and muscle, and giving new energy and vitality to every organ of the body: 50c a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

rending lamentation. Napoleon, deeply moved, wished to take her to her room. . . . Josephine now seemed to have fainted. She was like a corpse—a dead weight. . . . Bausset took the Empress by the waist, the Emperor took her legs. They descended a staircase with great difficulty. Once the prefect tripped over his sword, all but fell, and naturally saved himself by clinging tighter to the inanimate form he carried. "You grip me too tightly," Josephine whispered in his ear."

So it was all an elaborate piece of acting—tears, shrieks, dead-faint, and the rest. And when we go into the facts, it is Napoleon who really suffers, Josephine who appars to suffer. She weeps as copiously as Thackeray's Amelia, but her heart pumps sawdust, not blood; she has none of that deep, passionate sorrow which renders sublime the self-sacrifice of Turgenev's

It is well known that Josephine was always extravagant—thoughtlessly extravagant. Napoleon hated such well-born thriflessness; but time after time, while she was still his wife, and even afterwards, he paid her debts. When he divorced her he made her a splendid allowance; but, nevertheless, four years later, at the time of her death, she had accumulated an enormous debt. In all, she spent upon dress, jewels, cosmetics, and bric-a-brac, £1,200,000 in ten years. For the most part she bought mere rubbish.

"For her," says M. Masson, pleasure was not complete if the things which she bought were lasting. It is here that she shows her woman's character to such a prodigious degree; the height of luxury being to acquire at the very highest price something that gives immediate delight. The rarest flowers are to-morrow flung on the dust-heaps; the daintiest dresses go to the rag merchants. That is why women must have flowers and dresses." And how, then, was it that she gained and retained so strong a hold upon Napoleon? we may ask. The answer is to be found in her tact, her very fidelity, her desire to please.

False as Josephine was in life, by a supreme irony she carried fiction with her beyond the grave. Though in her last days and hours she had never thought of the Emperor, but had, on the contrary, abandoned his cause and made her submission to the Bourbons, her friends and his succeeded in convincing him that "she died of love for him, died of the disasters which befell France and the Empire, died of regret at being unable to follow him to Eibia."

"Dear soul, dear Josephine!" she loved me deeply," he said. . . . Some days later he went to dine at Malmaison. . . . He went and came, examined everything; long he stayed alone in the room where she had died, and when he left his eyes were wet with tears."

The last and greatest sorrow, complete disillusionment, was spared him among his many trials. Montholon, as he bent over the dying Emperor's bed that stormy May morning in 1821, thought he caught the words—"France; armee; tete-d'armee; Josephine." In her death—her heroic death, as he believed—she had regained the empire over his heart, which time and her extravagance had for a brief hour shattered.

Spring in the World.

Spring in the day. And the south wind fitfully blowing! Hint of the leaf. And the run of the river swift flowing!

The world of the winter is done, And the ghost of the frost has fled From the smile of the sun.

O! the wild spring wind from the South, It hastens to meet you; The rushing of wings, and the songs Of the first robins greet you!

Why should a foolish tear start? Spring in the world is done.

And a wild, wild wish at your heart, RICHARD SCRACE.

Guelph.

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Some are needed by some, the **Toole** by others, the **Exome** by others, the **Jolly** by others, still, and all four, or any three, or two, or any single, may be used singly or in combination, according to the exigencies of the case.

Free illustrations with each set of four free remedies, represented in this illustration.



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Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories.

Let no previous discouragements prevent you taking advantage of this splendid free offer before too late.

Ideal Love.

ELLA WHEELER WILcox writes as follows on The Ideal of Man's Love for Woman:

What is the highest ideal of man's love for woman? It is a more difficult question to answer than its companion—woman's ideal love for man—because woman is a more difficult being to satisfy in the matter of the affections than man. Given an orderly home, a well-supplied table, and a tactful, cheerful woman to reign, and the average man is content with his domestic relations. But emotional woman wants more than these conditions granted. She wants continuous praise, a frequently occurring touch of sentiment; and even a misunderstanding now and then, followed by a reconciliation, is sweeter to her than a monotony of unexpressed satisfaction.

The ideal lover takes into consideration all these peculiarities of feminine temperament, and adapts himself to them in a reasonable degree. Almost every woman, the most ardent and romantic, as well as the phlegmatic, realizes at times the maternal element in her love for a man. It is this which aids her in being his patient nurse in hours of illness, and his stimulus in times of despondency; and it is that lack of graver and more paternal element in men's love which detracts from its ideality so often. When he does possess it, man is liable to overdo the matter, and to become the slave of his lady's hysterical moods, and to encourage her weaknesses and her selfish whims.

The lover, who is at once kind, sympathetic, and masterful, is seldom found, yet he alone illustrates the highest order of love. The ideal lover is he who commands his wife's or sweetheart's respect and admiration, together with her love; who makes her realize that his standards of womanhood and of life are high, and that he expects her to do her part toward maintaining them, and who is capable of drawing a fine line between devotion and servility. The ideal lover is not a slave, or a coward. The moment those elements enter into a love, its standard is lowered.

A man must be a woman's true friend in order to be also her ideal lover. He must possess appreciation of all her best qualities, sympathy for all her feminine weaknesses, the courage to warn her when her highest good demands it, and the wisdom to direct her when counsel is needed. He must be delicate enough never to make her feel her financial dependence upon him, and he must possess the will-power and self-control to make his loyalty to her under all conditions that which he expects of her.

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Music.

THE first concert of Mr. Torrington's Toronto Orchestra on Thursday evening of last week in the Massey Hall was a distinctly encouraging maiden effort of the new organization. The orchestra consisted of about forty members, under the leadership of Mr. John Bayley, and their performance was certainly very promising. They played with hearty vigor and good technical skill a programme of a popular order, Mr. Torrington no doubt thinking it wise not to attempt either symphonies or heavy overtures upon a first public essay. Other important qualities in orchestral playing, such as refinement of nuances, the ability to render soft music without becoming indistinct or cloudy, and a greater range of tone qualities, may be expected to be developed in course of time. The selections were the overture to Semiramide, Gung's Amorette, value, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Puerer's Village Blacksmith, a selection from Faust, and Franke's Intermezzo Russe. The Wedding March was, in my opinion, taken rather too fast, and lost somewhat in dignity. The strings, more particularly the first violins and cellos, gave a very good account of themselves, and the wind played with a finer quality of tone and with more truth of intonation than have been heard from a local orchestra for a long while. The solo artists were Miss Eileen Millet, soprano, who sang Venetian's Magnetic Waltz with much charm of voice and considerable brilliancy of execution; Miss Eleanor Kennedy, pianist, who contributed Weber's Concertstück with flexible technique and care of interpretation; Miss Hilda Richardson, cellist, who played Goltermann's Concerto No. 2, a piece bristling with bravura difficulties, with which she contended very courageously, and in the cantabile or singing portions of the work displayed a good musical tone, a legitimate and vocal style and artistic phrasing; and Miss Lillian Kirby, who pleased greatly in Sullivan's Lost Chord, a song for which the warm, full tones of her voice were well suited. Mr. Torrington conducted with his accustomed care and ability.

The executive committee of the Mendelssohn Choir has started the fund for the purchase of a concert organ as a memorial to the late Queen by subscribing \$500. To this Mr. Vogt, their conductor, has added \$100 as his personal contribution. The condition attached to the subscription is, I understand, that the sum required, say \$25,000, must be raised within two years' time. The Mendelssohn Choir have given the fund a most encouraging start, and it now remains for the general public, if they approve of the scheme, to do their share. At the meeting at which this sum was subscribed \$1,000 was voted Mr. Vogt, the conductor, for his services in preparing the chorus for their recent successful concert.

Shakespeare in Hamlet speaks of the "recorders," and makes the Prince say that they can be made to discourse most excellent music. The recorder is an instrument of the flute pattern, now quite obsolete, and few living persons can ever have heard one. A recorder belonging to the seventeenth century was shown some years ago at the loan exhibition of the South Kensington Museum. It is said, however, that only two complete sets are known to exist, one at Nuremberg and the other at Chester, where they are in the possession of the local Archaeological Society. The Chester institution last month lent four recorders to Dr. Bridge, who took them to London and, with Mr. Radcliffe and two other flute players, gave upon them an old tune before a small but interested audience. London "Truth" states that the effect was extremely curious, and that the instrument is not likely to come again into fashion, from which one infers that the tone must be very crude.

Last Saturday afternoon, at the Toronto College of Music, the following programme was given, the organ and vocal numbers by pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington and the piano number by a pupil of Mr. T. C. Jeffers: Rink, Moderato in G, (b) Allegro in G, (c) Calkin, Lento, (d) Andante, (e) Bach, Prelude and Fugue, D minor, organ, Grace Mitchell; Van der Water, Nights of Nights, vocal, Winnifred Johnson; (a) Silas, Elegie, (b) Westenholme, Die Fräze, (c) Smart, Andante, (d) Mendelssohn, Prelude No. 3, Sonata No. 2, organ, Charles Eggert; Barnby, The Soft Southern Breeze, vocal, Mr. Somersett; Adams, Star of Bethlehem, Minnie Duke; Dudley Buck, Andante, (b) Bach, Prelude and Fugue in B flat, organ, Eleanor Kennedy; Chopin, Ballade, G minor, piano, Miriam Thompson; Denza, A May Morning, vocal, Jennie Harrison; Gounod, More Regal.

Speaking of the interpretation of

In His Low Estate, vocal, Florence Walton; (a) Lemare, Marche Solennelle, (b) Dishayes, Pastorale, (c) Dubois, Prelude, (d) Buck, At Evening, Idyle, (e) Mendelssohn, Sonata No. 1, organ, Percy Hook.

Miss Emily Selway, pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn, appeared recently at a concert in Exeter, together with Miss Jessie Alexander. The "Advocate" of February 21 refers to Miss Selway as follows: "Miss Selway sang most beautifully, and although a total stranger to her listeners, her selections were highly appreciated. She has a powerful contralto voice, over which she has marvelous control, singing with wonderful ease and artistic expression. Miss Selway also delighted the Presbyterian congregation with two beautifully rendered solos on Sunday evening last."

Mr. Leo Riggs, for some time organist of St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, has gone to Indianapolis to fill the post of organist in one of the wealthiest churches of that city at a salary of \$1,500 per annum. Mr. Riggs was formerly a pupil of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where he studied piano and organ under Mr. A. S. Vogt.

A most successful musical was given by some of the senior pupils and teachers of the Toronto Junction College of Music on Thursday night, Feb. 28, in Kilburn Hall, before a crowded house. The certificate of scholarship donated by Heintzman & Co. was presented to the winner, Mr. Leslie Horner, by Dr. Clendenan, who, in making the presentation, referred to the excellent work done by Miss Macmillan in establishing the college, and congratulated her on bringing it to such a point of excellence, thereby attracting a number of students from distant points. Miss Lillian Eva Payne, a clever pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Miss Macmillan's first assistant in the piano department, received prolonged applause after her rendering of Tristesse de Columbine and Prelude by Schutte, and Music Box, by Ladoff. Other teachers contributing to the programme were Misses Davis, Cornock, McEnaney and Sydney (cello). Compositions by Bargiel, Grieg, Leschetizky, Schubert, Moszkowski, Borowski, Lavalle, Dussek, Boccherini and Mendelssohn were rendered in a conscientious and skilful manner, and gave abundant evidence of the superior training received at the Junction College. Mr. O. C. Wenborne delighted the audience with two vocal numbers. Pupils of Mrs. Chattoe Morton also contributed songs.

Miss Abbie M. Helmer, one of Mr. Forsyth's most advanced and talented pupils, will give a piano recital in the Nordheimer concert hall on Saturday afternoon, March 16, at 3:30 o'clock, assisted by Miss Amy R. Jaffray. Miss Helmer will among other things play Liszt's difficult transcription of Isolde's "Liebes Tod" (Wagner), and "Venice and Naples," Tarantelle, also by Liszt, and several Chopin studies.

The deep impression made upon the musical people of this city and province who attended the recent concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, has called forth an exceedingly large number of congratulatory letters to members of the executive and the conductor. Among these a letter to the conductor from Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeiser, who on the evening of the concert unreservedly expressed the opinion that the choir surpassed any it had ever been her privilege to hear, will be of interest. She says: "I cannot refrain from again thanking you for the beautiful work of your magnificent chorus. I wish our people in Chicago could hear the elegant phrasing and rich tonal qualities of the choir. I am writing you to urge you to arrange to be heard at the Buffalo Pan-American, or perhaps better still, at the St. Louis World's Fair. You would certainly create a sensation on our side of the line. It was a real joy to me to be associated in your concert with so remarkable a society. My best wishes are with you in your future work."

The Peterboro "Examiner" of the 26th ult. says: "At St. Andrew's concert last evening the many admirers of Miss Jessie McNab of Toronto were in full force. The appreciation of her rendering of The Light of the World at Sunday night's service was all the more intensified by her singing last night. Her rendering of the more patriotic song, A Greeting to the King, was excellent, being bright, powerful, vigorous and enthusiastic. Enchantress was none the less captivating, while Hosanna, by Granier, revealed a compass and control of vocal power seldom witnessed."

Speaking of the interpretation of

Bach the "Musical World" says: "The curious idea still prevails among conservative musicians that the piano music of Bach should be played with metronomic rigidity and without any use of the pedals. But Bach was a man of emotions, and music is emotional. Why should his music be without emotion? It was not the practice in his time to indicate nuances; singers and players were supposed to be musicians. See the explanation of dynamic nuances given by Couperin and C. P. E. Bach, and the latter was not unacquainted with the rubato, which some ignorantly ascribe to Chopin."

The plan of seats for the concert of the Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra in the Massey Hall on the 15th inst. is now open. The concert should attract a great gathering of our amateurs and professionals, inasmuch as there will be great curiosity to compare a German representative orchestra with the famous organizations of Theodore Thomas and Boston. The Leipzig Philharmonic bring with them two famous solo pianists, Slivinski and Toselli. As Herr Windterstein, the conductor, has the reputation of being a sympathetic Beethoven interpreter, one may hope to see down in the programme one of the "immortal nine."

The first dictionary of music ever published, printed in London at the Bible in Cornhill in 1724, was delightfully vague in some of its definitions. For instance, fugue is explained thus: "Fugha, a Fuge, which is a particular way or manner according to which some musick is composed, and of which there are several sorts."

Henry T. Finch, in discussing the question whether great artists are happy, writes: "Every pianist in the universe envies Paderewski his unprecedented popularity and success. No other pianist, not even Liszt or Rubinstein, ever could earn a quarter of a million dollars in five months as he has done. But is Paderewski happy while he is earning these \$250,000? He envies every bootblack or loafing policeman. To travel 20,000 miles in a few months; to sleep—or rather not to sleep—every night in a Pullman car or a wretched hotel always near a noisy railway station; to repeat the same pieces over and over again; to feel compelled to play, whether he wants to or not, and when he is almost dead from exhaustion; to know that savage critics and envious rivals are always watching intently to discover any slight flaw in his performance and put it under a microscope; to feel that noblesse oblige—that he must always try to be at his best—these things are not calculated to make a pianist happy."

The recital given by Miss Temple Dixon and other pupils of Miss Masson on the 27th ult. drew a large audience to the Conservatory Music Hall. The numbers were well chosen and rendered with simplicity and literary discrimination. The musical parts of the programme, given by Miss Greta Masson, were specially enjoyed. Miss Masson's voice is a most unusual one, both in quality and tone, and it is perhaps still more noteworthy in its expressional development. The following programme was given: Mrs. Palmer (Jane Austen), and Youth and Art (Brownie); Miss Dixon, Shadow Song (Meyerbeer); Miss Masson, Steefferth Visits the Peggotys (Dickens); Miss Bessie Davies; Mrs. Pullet (George Elliot); Miss Dixon, Two Lovers (George Elliot); Miss May Robson; Silent Woe, On the Shore of the Lake, Moonlight Night, Resignation (Fleitez); Miss Masson; Break, Break, Break, and Crossing the Bar (Tennyson); Miss Dixon.

Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., the popular Irish-Canadian author and critic, will deliver a short address on Irish Character at the Feis Ceoil (old Irish singing festival), which takes place in Massey Music Hall, St. Patrick's eve, Saturday, March 16 next. Miss Josephine Sullivan, who is said to be the representative Irish harpist, of Dublin, Ireland, is to be the instrumental soloist of the occasion. The Irish Musical Art Society, of course, will be the big attraction of the festival, all their selections being "Irish." The society numbers 180 voices, and is under the able direction of Mrs. Elsa MacPherson.

At the recital last Saturday, Toronto College of Music, the following teachers were represented: Mr. F. H. Torrington, Miss Mansfield, Miss Eleanor Kennedy, Miss Richardson, Mr. George T. Atkinson, Miss Graham, Miss Stone and Miss Bickell. The programme was as follows: Bohm, La Coquette, Ruth Corningay; Thome, Valse Aragonaise, Agnes Breen; Tosti, Ask Me No More, vocal, Sara Schrane; Scott, Gavotte, Mary Cameron; (a) Thomas, Viking's Daughter, (b) Neidlinger, Laddie, Ethel Hay; Anon, Bridge's Version of the

Flood; reading, Poly Willinsky; Denza, Nocturne, vocal duet, Misses Clarke and Nelson; Nevin, Country Dance, duet, Frank Park and Charlie Anderson; Kuhau, Sonatina, op. 20, No. 1, Mabel Long; Lack, Idilio, Bertha Cager; Hawley, Echo, vocal, Miss Lexie Clarke; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 32, No. 9, Marion Bradley; Dudley Buck, When the Heart Is Young, Miss C. Davidson.

Canadians visiting London in June should take the opportunity of seeing and hearing that most original of living composers, Edward Grieg. He will introduce one of his latest compositions at the last Philharmonic Society concert, and will also be heard in recitals, in which his wife, who is an excellent singer, will probably join. Some months ago a report was cabled to a New York paper that Grieg had been taken to an insane asylum. The only basis for the report was, it seems, that he had gone for a few weeks to a sanatorium near Christiania for treatment of a bronchial trouble from which he has been a sufferer.

The veteran conductor Mr. August Manns has been restored to his old position as director of the Crystal Palace orchestral concerts. The scheme of having occasional concerts from the regular London orchestras did not work well. Mr. Manns is said, will reorganize his orchestra on the scale recommended by Beethoven for refined performances of symphonies and orchestral compositions, and that means, I take it, an orchestra of about sixty-five members.

The Bostonians, the famous comic opera organization which has given so many enjoyable performances in this city during past years, will be at the Grand next week. It is understood that the Serenade will be given for the first time in this city during the stay of the company.

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director, and with Toronto Trinity Universality, member of the graduate, especially equipped as solo artists and teachers, holds responsible positions in other Musical Institutions throughout Canada and the States.

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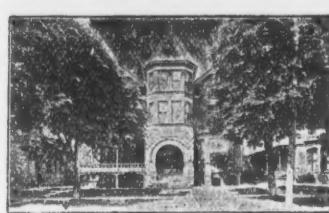
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. A. Ellis of Avenue road entertained a number of her friends at afternoon tea on Friday last, when she was assisted in serving by her sister, Mrs. D. A. Shuch, Miss Chappell, Miss Helen Mowat and Miss Ruby Spink. The tea-table was prettily decorated with white chiffon, pink carnations and smilax. Music was a very pleasant feature of the afternoon, and the affair was much enjoyed by all the guests.

Mrs. Westmacott, wife of the rector of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, Ont., is spending a month with her people in Toronto.

Mrs. Jack Gardner and the Misses Gardner are now settled in their new home, 606 Spadina avenue, and will be At Home as usual the first and third Tuesdays and every Tuesday evening of each month.

Mrs. Fraleigh gave an afternoon tea on Friday, March 8, in honor of her guest, Mrs. James F. Gillespie of Picton, wife of Sheriff Gillespie.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Karn, Woodbine, Woodstock, to Mr. Clarence Stanbury of New York.

Mrs. T. G. Nicholson (nee Brigden) will be At Home on Wednesday and Thursday, March 13 and 14, from three till six, at 14 Hazelton avenue, and afterwards on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month.

The many friends in Toronto of that well-known and favorite young Canadian actor, Herbert Fortier, who is leading man this season with Miss Coghlan in *Vanity Fair*, will be pleased to hear of the great success he has made in his part of Rawdon Crawley. The different "American" papers speak very highly of his work. One paper says Mr. Fortier is as finished an actor as has appeared in Portland this winter; his voice is well modulated, his personal appearance all that can be desired and his histrionic ability marked. In the fourth act he does a magnificent piece of work with Miss Coghlan, which brought forth merited applause. A New York paper says Mr. Fortier was a great success and did a very strong piece of acting, in which he well deserved the applause given him. Another paper says Mr. Herbert Fortier, the Canadian actor, as leading man with Miss Coghlan, carried the part of Crawley with excellent conception and competent acting. The few chances which he had of dramatic effect were not lost—in fact, he is getting excellent notices wherever he appears, and no doubt his many Toronto friends will be pleased to hear of his success.

Miss Gwendoline Loftus of Bonny Castle, John street, is leaving on Monday to visit friends in New York.

Great preparations were made for the annual convulsions of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, on Friday evening, March 8, and it was one of the most delightful functions of the season. Visitors were taken to Whitby by a special train, and, returning, left the college grounds at 11.55 p.m.

Major Septimus Denison was dined by the officers of the Q.O.R. the other evening, and a very interesting surprise was sprung upon the hosts by their guest when his health was drunk, viz., the presentation to the regiment of the signed portrait of their honorary colonel, the Commander-in-Chief of the British army. The picture is a very good engraving of large size, and is of value, apart from sentiment, because only a limited number of copies were struck off and then the plate was destroyed. In the cinematograph at the vaudeville theater this week Major Denison appears in attendance on Lord Roberts at Cape Town, and was quite easily identified by his friends in the audience.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard's lecture on Roycroft ideals will be of very much more interest to many than it was when delivered here last year, for two reasons. Much valuable material has been added to the lecture, and many new proofs of the excellence of Roycroft craftsmen have been admitted in our shops, and, second, many Torontonians have made the trip to East Aurora and become intensely interested in the subject of the lecture after viewing the work done in the Roycroft shop. The lecture will be given in the Conservatory Music Hall on the evening of March 21.

The death of Mrs. Frederick Worts last Saturday in Guelph was much deplored by many friends, who respected and admired her for her sterling goodness and many fine qualities of head and heart. Mrs. Worts was a daughter of the late Adam Beatty. Her remains were interred in Toronto on Tuesday.

The engagement of Mr. Vivian Morgan of the Dominion Bank and Miss Zoe Shortt is announced.

Mrs. Somerville of Atherley is in Virginia, where her physician ordered her for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Somerville has been ill a long time, and Atherley has been practically "aison ferme" all winter.

Miss Temple-Dixon, who made such a distinct impression by her excellent work in the Interpretive recital last week, left on Friday for New York to continue her studies in elocution.

The shops are largely in confusion this week, preparing for the various millinery openings about to transpire. Next Tuesday those pretty hats and bonnets which always grace a Mc-Kendry opening will be displayed at the busy shop in Yonge street for the first time.

Dr. Alfred Morson, a retired physician, once surgeon to the Great Western Railway, died last week at his home, 18 Ulster street, leaving several children in Toronto, Simcoe, Montreal, and South America, surviving him. Dr. Morson was in his ninety-first year. Judge Morson is one of his nephews.

Mrs. Charles Fuller has gone to

Montreal to visit her son. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have just suffered the loss of a much-welcomed little baby boy, and their pretty home needs the cheering presence of the sympathizing grandmamma, who so soon lost the honored title she proudly accepted.

Miss Frode Montzambert has been visiting Miss Evelyn Cameron, and a number of pleasant affairs have been the brighter for her presence.

The epidemic of grippe still continues, many persons being laid up. Miss Montgomery of Huron street was quite ill. Judge Lister has been an invalid for some time with it. Miss Grace Peters has the prevailing cold, and the Peters family have had more than their share of it. Their bright and charming guest, Miss Dunsuir of Vancouver, is still in town. Mrs. Reaves of Montreal is a welcome guest in town. Hon. Senator Allan is improving after his severe illness. Mrs. Allan has had a trying and anxious time, but it is hoped her patient is now convalescing.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro, who has been visiting Mrs. G. W. Ross, returned home on Thursday. Mrs. Edwin Thomas of Buffalo, who has been visiting Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, returned to the "Marken," Buffalo, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, who has had so much anxiety during Mr. Ross's serious illness, has overtaxed her strength, and decided to take a rest and treatment in Grace Hospital, where Mr. Ross is being nursed. Her many warm friends are most anxious to hear of her restoration to strength.

Through some misunderstanding, announcements were made elsewhere that Mrs. Alan Sullivan would arrive in town last week on a visit to her parents; also that Mr. Ralph Hees intended going to Europe. The latter item was quite an effort of imagination on someone's part. Mrs. Sullivan, however, will, her friends hope, be in Toronto next month for a stay of some weeks, as I believe Mr. Sullivan is going to England on mining business at that time.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. and Miss Kay gave a delightful tea at their home in Huron street. A few matrons and jolly party of girls formed the congenial company. Miss Muriel Ridout, Miss Hoskins and Miss Kathleen Gordon, a sweet young girl, a "not-out" daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collin Gordon of Trantby avenue and granddaughter of Mrs. Kay, were in charge of the tea-room, where a very bright and pretty table, sunny with the flowers of spring, daffodils and violets, was delightfully set. Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Hodging of Cloynewood, Mrs. J. S. Johnson, Mrs. D. Ridout, Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Jack Kay, Mrs. Cowan, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Bessie Macdonald, Gooderham of Maplecroft, Justina Harrison, Helen Leyes, Buck Langmuir, Crawford, Wallace, Rutherford, Brock, McMurry, Michie, Boomer and Elwood were among the guests.

Miss Williams, Stitt's clever modiste, went to Washington for the inauguration ball, and is now in New York for a fortnight to look up the prettiest novelties of the season.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Pyke, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Pyke, Dorchester street, Montreal, to Mr. William Hutchins of Toronto has been arranged to take place early in April.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gillies gave a pretty dinner last Thursday evening at their home in St. George street. Guests were set for fourteen. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Miss Cummings, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Dr. Stuart, Miss Parker of Gananoque, Mrs. C. J. Gibson, and Dr. Gulden.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Reed of Jarvis street gave a delightful small tea for Mrs. Farrill and Mrs. Richards of Winnipeg. Miss Reed, Miss Cox, and Miss Birdle Warren were in the room, which was very prettily arranged.

Miss Cartwright, who was visiting her brother, Mr. Alec Cartwright of Harbord street, went home on Thursday.

Bright and charming as ever, Miss Hugel receives many well-comes back to Toronto. She was a much-sought-after guest at Mr. Wylie Grider's tea last week, and, I hear, the guest of Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenelyth.

Mr. Lally McCarthy has returned from England, where he was summing some little time ago by the illness of Mrs. McCarthy. Mrs. McCarthy is much better, and will probably be home in May.

The Trinity Lenten lectures have, so far, been of much interest. The very exalted and refined tone of Dr. Black's lecture appealed to the best class of hearers. Dr. Tait McKenzie was quite interesting as he described the action of the muscles in producing expression. His pictures were weird. This afternoon's lecture will be by Rev. Carey Ward.

A very jolly little dinner was given at the Hunt Club last Saturday by Mr. Albert Nordheimer. The bright weather was a pleasant change for a country outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels and Colonel and Mrs. Irwin are at Atlantic City. I believe Mr. J. K. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald are to go further south before returning home, though Mr. Macdonald reports a fine accession to his strength since getting the sea air.

A couple of very interesting engagements are about to be announced, and I hear that in each case the marriage will not be long delayed. Toronto is certainly beginning the new century with generous libations to Hyman. A young beauty now travelling afar also, I am told, engaged to a prominent and well-known man.

Some of the pictures at the Ontario S. of A.'s Exhibition are distinctly in-

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

FAIRWEATHER'S

Alteration Sale of Furs



Scarf Novelties

Amongst the prettiest and daintiest of neck pieces and muffs this season are those made of the fox furs, in Red, Blue, Black, Gray and Sable—they're ultra stylish. Very rich effects and some unique designs are shown, and our special sale prices bring the cost to you away down to at least 25% less than it was ever intended they should sell at. We guarantee the quality—the styles speak for themselves.

Fox Scarfs, prices start at.....	\$ 9.00
Fox Sets, prices start at.....	18.00
And go up to almost as high as you're a mind to—for instance, a handsome Sable	50.00

FOX SET.....

ORDER BY MAIL OR COME AND SEE.

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Suit Cases

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There are suits here for romping, rollicking boys that it will pay the mothers to see.

Stock-taking is over, and all the broken sizes of suits—the ones, twos and threes of a kind—are gathered together and marked at prices to move them out quickly. Not a suit but that is full of style and quality. All sizes in the lot. Come to-day and see them.

Oak Hall Clothiers

115 to 121 King Street East,
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PRIVATE RIDING LESSONS

Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding. For terms apply to—

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"5 in 1." & "5 in 1."

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Clarified Milk...

Absolutely free from coloring or other adulteration and delivered in

Sterilized Bottles...

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City Dairy Co., Limited, SPADINA CRESCENT,

is giving unbound satisfaction, and orders are pouring in daily. When telephoning be sure and ask for North 2040, or North 2041. The use of the word "North" before the number will prevent errors.

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Can supply you with all kinds of . . .

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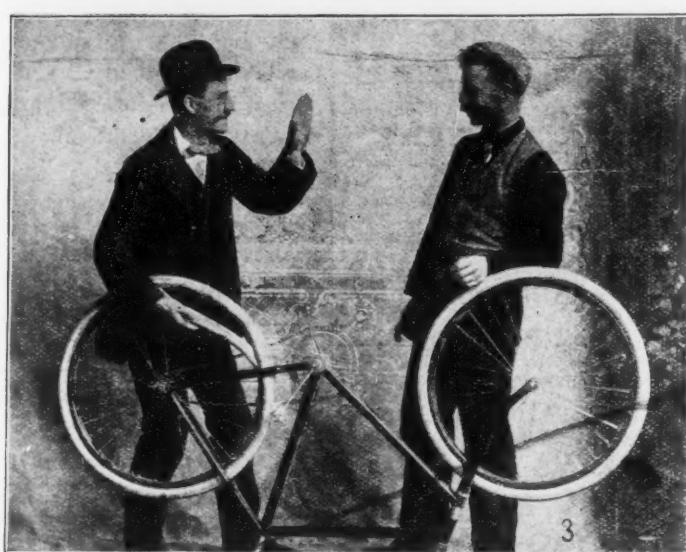
Fletcher M'f'g. Company

How Dunlop Tires Made Him Smile

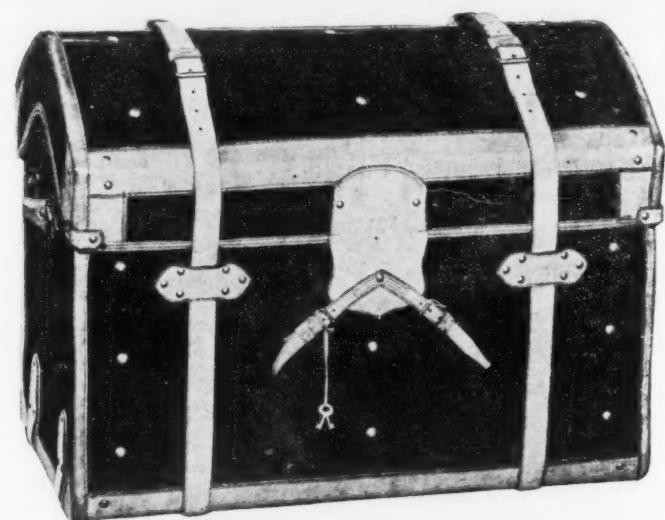
If you never knew of a "speaking countenance," you have it here. There is art and truth in these two photographs—the experiences of a Peterboro' man.



The first shows his experience at the beginning of last season, with a certain tire of the garden hose variety—his efforts to fix it so it would hold wind—his troubled study of the rules for fixing, while the repair man tried hard to follow directions.



This is a picture of the happy cyclist after he had secured a new wheel fitted with Dunlop Tires. He is showing the bicycle repair man how easy he can fix a pair of Dunlop Tires himself, and is holding aloft the Dunlop repair kit—the "only tools you'll need."

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For ladies they are admirable. Dresses are packed to good advantage.

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in your fuel bills—is easier and quicker to regulate—and offers comfort, conveniences, and cooking certainly not found in any other range.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.**Births.**

Bolton—March 2nd, Mrs. Norman S. Bolton, a daughter.
Gallagher—March 2nd, Mrs. Z. Gallagher, Blanchard—March 3rd, Mrs. F. Blanchard, a daughter.
Hitchcock—March 3rd, Mrs. F. W. Hitchcock, a son.
Cook—March 5th, Mrs. H. G. Cook, a son.
Denison—March 5th, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Jr., a daughter.
Rankin—March 5th, Mrs. Wm. Rankin, a daughter.

Deaths.

Atkinson—March 3rd, Garnet Pryor Atkinson, aged 21 years.
Chadwick—March 2nd, Patricia Katherine Chadwick, in her 2nd year.
Johnston—March 3rd, Alex. J. Johnston, aged 53 years.
Laidlaw—March 3rd, Wm. F. Laidlaw, in his 18th year.
Morsom—March 3rd, Alfred Morsom, M.D., in his 94th year.
Mungovan—March 2nd, Rev. Father Mungovan, C.S.B., aged 54 years.
Street—March 3rd, Isabella Thorne, daughter of Charles B. Street.
Van Nostrand—March 1st, Agnes Cummer Miller Van Nostrand, in her 67th year.
Worts—March 2nd, Elizabeth Beatrice, wife of T. F. Worts.
Henry—March 3rd, James Henry, in his 3rd year.

Chandler—March 1st, Harriet Hansard Chandler, formerly of New Brunswick.
Reid—March 2nd, Sarah Reid, in her 80th year.
Holland—March 2nd, John Holland, in his 48th year.
Ainslie—March 5th, Eliza Ellen Ainslie, in her 85th year.
Booth—March 5th, R. Z. Booth, aged 49 years.

J. YOUNG.

(ALEX. MILLARD)
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Falling in four days; all scalp troubles cured. Ladies hair on shampooed, fifty cents. Hair bound and exchanged. **TOM FROZEN**, 349 Yonge Street.

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All Kinds Strictly Fresh Every Day

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Ground Floor
BRANCH STORE—25 Dundas East, Toronto
Junction.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Limited.**ANNUAL MEETING.****The President Discusses the Proposed Railway to the American Boundary.**

The Annual Meeting of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Limited, was held in Toronto on Friday, the 1st March, 1901.

The following report was submitted to the Shareholders:—

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders of the Company their Annual Report, including Statement of Assets and Liabilities as at 31st December, 1900.

The Net Profits for the year, after paying all operating expenses and all charges of every kind at Head Office and Mines, amounted to \$141,064.10. This amount has been derived from the various departments of the Company's business, viz.: the sale of coal and coke, and from waterworks, house rentals, general store, etc., etc. As no dividend was paid for the year on the Company's Capital, the above sum has been carried forward to credit of Profit and Loss, making a total sum at credit of that account (including the amount already there from the earnings of 1899) of \$188,874.52.

The coal produced during 1900 amounted to 226,452 tons. Of this tonnage 114,063 tons were sent to the Company's coke ovens at Fernie, and produced 73,496 tons of coke, while the balance of 106,395 tons was disposed of as merchantable coal.

During the year the Company paid out in cash the sum of \$874,080.83, of which the pay rolls amounted to \$419,037.09, the balance of \$345,943.74 having been disbursed for new coke ovens, additions to plant, and for development work at Fernie and Michel. One hundred and ten (110) new coke ovens were built in 1900, which makes with the 202 in operation at the end of 1899, a total of 312 ovens with a capacity of over 450 tons of coke per day.

The number of men at present in the Company's employ is about 800, and this number will of course steadily increase as our mines are developed. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ELIAS ROGERS,
Managing Director.
Toronto, Canada, 1st March, 1901.

GEO. A. COX,
President.

Financial Statement—31st December, 1900.**ASSETS.**

Mines, Real Estate, Plant, Development, etc., etc.	\$2,366,016.65
Cash in Bank.....	\$37,501.62
Accounts Receivable.....	67,005.42

\$104,507.04

\$2,370,523.69

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, Paid-up.....	\$2,000,000.00
Profit and Loss Account:—	
Balance at Credit 31st Dec., 1899 ..	\$ 47,810.42
Added in 1900.....	141,064.10
	\$188,874.52
Bills Payable.....	\$121,795.72
Accounts Payable.....	59,853.45

\$181,649.17

\$2,370,523.69

E. R. WOOD, Treasurer.

I have examined the above Statement of Assets and Liabilities with the books and vouchers of the Company, and find the same correct.

A running audit has been maintained during the year, and I certify that the books are well and truly kept.

Toronto, March 1st, 1901.

R. W. MACPHERSON, Auditor.

The President moved the adoption of the Report, which was seconded by Mr. Jaffray.

The President's Address.

Senator Geo. A. Cox, President of the Company, made the following address:—

"In congratulating you upon the success of the last year's operations, it may be worth while to refer to the erroneous ideas that have gone abroad with regard to the management and control of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company. We are in every respect a Canadian enterprise, with a large majority of Canadian stockholders, under Canadian control and management, and are giving employment to a great force of labor on Canadian soil. We are developing Canada's natural resources in one of the most important economic minerals, and are building up an immense Canadian industry, which is bringing wealth to the Dominion, and which, we feel assured, will constitute a most important factor in the Canadian industrial development of the future, unless our operations are restricted by a limited market and inadequate railway facilities.

"It affords me great pleasure to announce that we are prepared to proceed at once with construction and development work involving an immediate expenditure of \$325,000, and we already have this money in the treasury of the Company for this purpose. This large sum does not include the railway project, to which I will refer later, but will be devoted exclusively to development work, the building of coke ovens, dwellings, offices, and other works in connection with the coal and coke industry of the Company. We intend to build at Fernie, and at another suitable point, 720 coke ovens, which will involve an expenditure of \$540,000 under this head alone. We will then have 1,032 ovens, which will increase our capacity for coke production from over 450 tons per day, as at present, to more than 1,500 tons per day. Our expenditure will also include more than a quarter of a million dollars on mine improvements, offices, and inadequate railway facilities.

"These expenditures and the extensive mining and coke-producing operations that are to follow will create and maintain two new towns in the coal district as large as Fernie, which now owes its existence to the works carried on by this Company.

"There is a prospective demand, provided we obtain access to the American market, as I shall hereafter mention, for 4,500 tons of coal per day within a year, and in three years we expect to increase our output to about 6,000 tons of coal per day, a large portion of which will be converted into coke in our ovens, and within five years we expect to have a pay roll of fully \$10,000 per day, which will be sufficient to maintain three important industrial centers in the coal district.

"All business men will at once realize how important such a development will be to the country at large, as mining camps are invariably extensive consumers of supplies. Not only will there be the direct employment for several thousand additional Canadian working men, but a new and most extensive demand will be created for the products of Canadian factories in the East, and the food supplies from the Western farms and cattle ranches.

"It is only fair to you, however, to state that the present demand of British Columbia for coal and coke would not justify any such expenditures as we propose to make. This is self-evident when I state that the present demand of British Columbia does not exceed 1,000 tons of coal and coke per day, and we cannot expect this demand to increase in the near future,

even under most favorable conditions, so as to justify such expenditures.

"In order that we may proceed with this development it will be absolutely necessary to secure access to the American markets by a route that will put us in a position to successfully compete with the coal and coke producers already in the field. If denied access to the American markets except by roundabout routes; if delayed in our operations by legislative obstruction; if prevented in any way from cutting down the cost of production to the narrowest possible margin, our success in the field will be proportionately cramped, and it will be quite impossible to undertake the development now proposed.

"Recognizing, therefore, the necessity of obtaining direct access to the adjacent markets of the United States, an application has been made to Parliament by five of your directors for a charter to build a railway from the coal fields to the boundary, where it is intended to connect with a spur line from Jennings on the Great Northern railway. This is simply an effort to secure an entrance by the best possible route to an almost unlimited market for coal and coke, where we must meet the keenest competition, and without this market any large development of these British Columbia coal fields will be practically impossible.

"The fear has been expressed in some quarters that the establishment of railway connection between the Crow's Nest coal fields and the Great Northern railway system will deprive the Canadian mining and smelting industries of a supply of coal and coke, and that the Company may create a shortage in the Canadian supply to benefit American smelting interests. These fears are groundless. From geological reports it appears that there are over 250,000 acres of coal lands in the Crow's Nest country, containing a supply of coal which is conceded by all authorities to be practically exhaustless, it being estimated that there are in this area 20,000,000,000 tons of coal. This would admit of an output of 10,000 tons per day, allowing 300 working days per year for over 6,000 years. This is entirely independent of the immense coal areas in Alberta and in other parts of British Columbia.

"We are at present prepared to enter into time contracts with the smelters of British Columbia to supply any quantities of coal or coke they may require; but so far as the local supply is concerned, its safety can be best assured by such development of the Crow's Nest mines as will be made possible by the building of the proposed line of railway.

"Successful operation of the mines on a large scale would be impossible if our market were limited to British Columbia and it were subject to the fluctuations we have experienced this last year.

"With an immense coal and coking industry in operation, turning out from six to ten thousand tons of coal a day, the British Columbia smelters now in operation could close down or open up without notice as often as they might feel inclined, and the change would not be felt. The smelters now in operation on the Canadian side only require about 300 tons of coke per day. If we are restricted as to markets, there will be higher initial cost, risk of suspension through accidents, difficulty in securing labor, and in meeting any variation in the demand.

"Although there is an immense area of coal in the Crow's Nest country that is of the best quality for coking, we should not harbor the delusion that this district has all the coking coal on the continent. There will be competition from the existing sources of supply—from Cokedale, on Puget Sound, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Utah, and Colorado. There are also immense coal deposits in Montana, Washington, and other places, which may prove, when tested, to be of good coking quality.

"To enter and hold this market, which means from 5,000 to 6,000 tons of coal per day, the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company must have the best railway facilities available, and that is why it is absolutely necessary to build the proposed spur.

"There is hardly any industry so universally beneficial to a country as coal mining and coke making for export trade. The coal and coke are both brought to the last stage of perfection before being shipped out. All labor is expended on them in the country, and there is nothing further to be done with them except to consume them. Not so with logs, not so with lumber, not so with pulp, with wheat, with wool, and many other products exported. Every dollar that comes into the country in return for coal or coke exports makes the country just that much richer. The farmer, the rancher, the miller, the merchant, and the manufacturer, will all profit. There will also be an enormous direct revenue to the British Columbia Government from the royalty. That Government is now deriving a revenue of about \$100 a day from our present operations.

"In addition to the development of the coal and coke industry, the proposed railway will open up a prospect, and an assured prospect, of smelting development, which will prove, from a public standpoint, of the very greatest importance.

"The success of the smelting industry depends upon the ability to assemble the various materials essential to profitable smelting at the lowest possible cost, and if the proposed line of railway is built, connecting the Crow's Nest fields with the American railway systems, the balance of advantage will be decidedly in favor of the Canadian side as the place for establishing a large and profitable smelting industry. The Canadian people have but to improve their opportunity, to stand out of the way, and let the good fortune in.

"In order to illustrate what I have said, permit me to point out how suitable a place Fernie, or some point adjacent thereto, would be for the establishment of a smelting industry. There we have the coke without any charge for hauling, while, to carry it to any smelting point south of the line would involve a hauling charge, as well as an American duty of 60 cents per ton. The limestone required is to be found at Fernie, with no expense except the cost of quarrying.

"The lead ores of Southern British Columbia are now seeking a market which is almost impossible for them to find, and those adjacent to the coal fields could, at a trifling cost for transportation, be laid down at Fernie, or some other convenient point. The dry ores necessary to make workable and profitable mixtures and blends are not at present to be found in British Columbia, but are to be found through the adjacent mining States along the lines and connections of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads; and the ore cars taking the coal and coke from the mines at Fernie to supply the railways and established industries in these States, instead of coming back empty, would, at a low cost for transportation, bring back these dry ores to such a smelter. There is no point south of the boundary line where a smelting industry could so easily or so profitably be established.